



**COLLEGE BASKETBALL**

# **Sports Illustrated**

NOVEMBER 26, 1973 60 CENTS

**North Carolina State's  
David Thompson  
Threatens UCLA**

# Our new menthol is a lemon.



Because we added a dash of lemon freshness to new menthol TWIST, it tastes fresher than ordinary cigarettes and gives you a smoother cool. Try TWIST, the one and only lemon menthol.

**Twist**  
Lemon Menthol 100's

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined  
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18 mg. "tar", 1.1 mg. nicotine  
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# Only Remington makes this guarantee: If you don't love us, you have a year to return us.\*

What has convinced Remington you'll love us so much you won't be back to us in a year?

Our Replaceable Blades help you to keep getting a close, comfortable shave every time.

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No wonder we're so confident. Replaceable Blades. Comfort Head. Comfort Dial.

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Only Remington is confident enough to give you a one-year, money back DOI-BLETS. **NOTE:** one year on parts, plus one year on PERFORMANCE. No questions asked! Mail shaver and sales slip to Remington for complete refund. P.O. Box 572, West Haven, Conn. 06616

**We're so sure you're going to love us, we'll give you a year to return us.**

Offer good on Mark I, Mark III, Mark IV and Mark V electric shavers bought between November 1 and December 31, 1973.

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ELECTRIC SHAVERS

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Here's why we call Allstate,  
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We have many life insurance plans. Here's  
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insurance—if you're 25, for example:

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See you soon?

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You're in good hands.



This is Charles Chase  
He and his family live  
near Atlanta, Georgia

# It's the best present I ever got.

*At our house, Christmas was roaring fires and relatives who came trooping in from the cold with armloads of gifts. Aunt Nel always made us kids save the wrappings.*

*Christmas was me racing coatless through the snow to fetch more of the firewood I'd chopped while pretending to be Abe Lincoln. Paul*

*Bunyon... anyone but me chopping wood all day on the day before Christmas.*

*I remember how Christmas was. How I'd rip, tear, yank open the biggest, most promising gift. Only to find a doll for Sue or a tablecloth. Inevitably someone got the cards confused.*

*But this year — after 38 years of hoping and opening the biggest gift and finding it meant for somebody else — this year the biggest gift really was for me.*

*How did they know I wanted a McCulloch chain saw?*



Not just any chain saw, a McCulloch Mini Mac 1 (for only \$99.95\*). Because one chain saw is not just as good as another. And unless you happen to be an expert on chain saws, how do you know which is which?

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Why settle for just any chain saw, when you can get a McCulloch for only \$99.95? Give Dad the quality he deserves. Give him a McCulloch this Christmas.

**Mini Mac 1...  
only \$99.95  
why pay more!**

 **McCulloch**

McCulloch Corporation  
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\*Manufacturer's suggested list price.

Prices slightly higher in Alaska and Canada.

**See your Yellow Pages under "saws."**

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# In 3 seconds you'll know which electric portable to give this Christmas.

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It's the only one with the 3-second ribbon change.

Which is the quickest, simplest typewriter ribbon change there is. Also, the cleanest.

What's more, Coronamatic™ Ribbon Cartridges come in nylon and carbon film (the kind usually available only with expensive office typewriters).

So in the same 3 seconds it takes to change a cartridge, you can now change to carbon film for typing that looks like printing.

It's like having two typewriters in one. One for day-to-day use. The other for more professional-looking correspondence or reports.

And in case you make a mistake, there's a correction ribbon in a Coronamatic cartridge, so you can correct errors in seconds.

There's also an assortment of colors—so you can add a little (or a lot of) color to your typing if you feel like it. Smith-Corona's new cartridge ribbon typewriters.

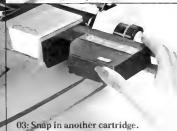
Now that you know which electric portable to give, the question is who to give it to. Or, better yet, who to get it from.



01: Press cartridge release.



02: Cartridge snaps out.



03: Snap in another cartridge.



**SCM** SMITH-CORONA  
SCM CORPORATION

**"He called us  
Long Distance  
with some  
questions  
about the  
letter."**

**SOMETIMES LETTERS JUST DON'T DO IT.**





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Cover photograph by John D. Harkin

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## Next week

A CORNUCOPIA of college football fills the holiday weekend, highlighted by Ohio State vs. Michigan and Alabama vs. LSU—games that may decide the national championship.

THAT RACETRACK is a hayfield, otherwise known as the city of Indianapolis, is shaking off its back-town image, reports Brock Yates. Next time you look, it will be big league.

SIX MILLION MILES and 75 million spectators later, the Harlem Globetrotters are doing better than ever. Frank Deford takes an important look at a revised American institution.

# Ford Mustang II. The right car at the right time.



MUSTANG II GHIA.



Mustang II is a small car. About 19 inches smaller than last year's Mustang. It's even a bit smaller than the original Mustang of ten years ago.

Yet, Mustang II offers real luxury, plus a level of jewel-like quality you probably never expected to find in a small car.

#### A new level of luxury. Standard.

- ☐ An incredible interior with individual seats, full-width headrests, deep padded doors, thick cut-pile carpeting front and rear, and even on the lower door.



- ☐ A glassy-smooth four-speed transmission; short throw, fully synchronized.
- ☐ A lively but thrifty four-cylinder overhead cam engine.
- ☐ Front disc brakes.
- ☐ Rack-and-pinion steering.



- ☐ Beautifully functional instrument panel (above) with tachometer.
  - ☐ A unique new suspension designed to ride more like a luxury car than a small car.
  - ☐ Jewel-like decor and finish everywhere—an example: the extra bright moldings around windows and wheel openings.
- The closer you look, the better it looks.

#### Build your own personal luxury car.

You get four models to choose from: 2-door hardtop and Ghia; a 3-door 2 + 2 model; and the sporty Mach 1.



THREE-DOOR 2+2 MODEL

patterns, 25-ounce cut-pile carpeting, special door panel with courtesy lights, and more.

- ☐ An exciting 2.8 liter V-6 engine.
- ☐ Power-assisted rack-and-pinion steering.
- ☐ Competition suspension.
- ☐ A handsome digital clock.
- ☐ A breezy little sun roof.

Mustang II. A whole new kind of car.

#### It adds up to a remarkable value.

Yet with all this luxury and quality, Mustang II still carries an economical small-car price.

See your Ford Dealer.



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## \$2895

Sticker price for base 2-door hardtop, excluding dealer prep, destination charges, title and taxes. Car shown is equipped with optional white sidewall tires (\$29), pin striping (\$13), rocker panel molding (\$13), vinyl roof (\$80).

## FORD MUSTANG II

FORD DIVISION



And here are some of the many exciting options:

Special luxury interiors, featuring elegant seat fabrics and

## LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

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Photographer Heinz Kluetmeier has been known to pick up and suddenly race 70 yards along the sideline away from the action at a football game, cameras and light meters flying. "I might have a hunch that the next play will be a long run or an interception," he explains enigmatically. A



Then he was off to Indiana, Maine, Texas, Louisiana, Maine again, Utah and California. The itinerary took Kluetmeier just two weeks to complete. "I could have done it all in a more leisurely way," he says, "but I would have lost touch. By blasting around, you get emotionally

involved."

Kluetmeier assignment can thus have athletic demands of its own, something 18-year-old Gary Pawlik discovered when Kluetmeier engaged him as an assistant at a recent Minnesota Viking game. Pawlik, 13 years Kluetmeier's junior, is a quarterback for undefeated Mount St. Benedict High School in Crookston, Minn., but two hours of chasing after Kluetmeier left him gasping. "I'll never do that again," he vowed.

Kluetmeier likes to think of himself as a low-key sports photographer, but that image does not match his man-in-motion style of doing things, which keeps him near the action, even where it is least expected. He happened to be present the night in January 1972 when the Minnesota-Ohio State basketball game flared into violence, and he recorded that memorably ugly scene. He crash-landed once in a hot-air balloon, and covering an elk hunt last fall in a rugged area of Hamilton, Mont., he became separated from the rest of the party. When he was finally found nine hours later, he was dehydrated, soaked and shivering.

The energetic Kluetmeier shot the photo essay on college basketball's snafus that begins on page 100 in his usual energetic fashion. From the Milwaukee suburb of Wauwatosa, where he lives with his wife Donna and three daughters, he began, slowly enough, by shooting a Marquette game at the convenient Milwaukee Arena

involved. "Blasting around keeps Kluetmeier in trim, and he also runs three times a week. Kluetmeier's qualities include a lively intelligence, a courtly manner and fluency in German from his boyhood in Bremen. His family migrated to Milwaukee when he was nine and he attended Custer High School where he was a varsity swimmer and captain of the tennis team. After graduating from Daetmou (class of '65), he became a photographer for the Milwaukee Journal and in 1969 went to work jointly for SPORTS ILLUSTRATED and LIFE.

Somewhere along the way Kluetmeier acquired a pilot's license, and he daydreams about owning a plane so that he can get around even faster. This week, in a homecoming of sorts, he will cover Ohio State-Michigan at Ann Arbor. His last visit to the Michigan campus was in 1971 when, working on a story for LIFE, he suddenly found himself in the thick of a demonstration over renewed U.S. bombing in Cambodia. After Kluetmeier photographed students ransacking the ROTC building, a group of them tried to seize his film. A \$500 lens was lost and a \$600 camera smashed but, accustomed to dealing with the unexpected, Kluetmeier had already removed the film and slipped it into his pocket. In a hurry,

Sack Meyer



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**BOOKTALK**

A new look at the needlepoint game,  
viewed through Rossey-colored glasses

Rossey Grier has had the nerve to put it right there on the cover of his new book that this is a book for men, but gutsy ladies should walk right up to counters everywhere to demand a copy. Men may be bigger and stronger, but in this belated day and age surely a girl who wants to do needlepoint should be allowed to try.

And Rossey Grier's *Needlepoint for Men* (Walker and Company, \$10) is a fine beginner's book. By now probably everybody knows that the former New York Giant and L.A. Ram tackle is hooked on this handwork, but here Rossey lays it all out, from threading the needle ("It was more than a year till I learned how to do it easily. I'd sit there licking the end of the thread and trying to shove a little old piece of yarn into the needle. About all that I'd ever end up with was a mouthful of fuzz") to advice about finishing your work ("Make sure that you don't get too earned away and stitch the Voloro—that's got to be left alone"). He explains canvas and yarn, patterns and stitches: "Hanging around big California needlepoint stores. I began to see that while I was using only one stitch to do all my stuff, lots of the other folks were using what seemed to be dozens of different ones. Well, I found out there are actually over 200 different stitches that you can use in needlepoint. There's no way that I'll ever use or learn all of them—for me it's nice enough to know that they're there." Rossey offers 10, which seems like plenty to get going with, and some truly handsome patterns into which they can be worked. He also offers a brief history:

"Most of the needlepoint as we know it in America is derived from work that was being done in Europe from the 14th to the 16th centuries. It was all pretty to look at in the pictures and all, but the most interesting thing to me was that men have almost always been involved in the history of the world's greatest needlepoint. The Ruyons, Gobelins and Aubusson tapestries were all designed and stitched by male craftsmen. And a special form of needlepoint called *Opus Anglicanum* was developed in medieval England by men."

Rossey is not only continuing this great tradition, he is turning other men on to it. My own favorite is Margaret Whiting's musical director Herb Mesek. "Herb was in the hospital recovering from some major surgery and what do you think he found himself reading that a magazine article telling all about Rossey Grier's needlepointing. . . I was so tickled—just to think that old Rossey inspired someone that way."

Old Rossey inspired him, all right. Mesek is currently engaged in needlepointing a reproduction of Picasso's *Guernica*.

BARBARA LA FONTAINE

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1.



2.



3.



4.

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These are the three colors that make up a color television picture.

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## FIRST GENERATION COLOR TV

Color in the circles in the first diagram.

Do not color the background.

You have just simulated the way the first generation of color TVs reproduced a color image. The colors look weak, soft.

This process was around back in 1956. Unfortunately, many color TVs on the market still use it today.

## SECOND GENERATION COLOR TV

Using the same three colors, color in the second diagram.

Compare the two.

The circles in the second diagram are much more colorful. Sharper. Clearer.

The reason? The jet black background.

This process is also being used by many manufacturers today. And while

it may be far superior to generation 1, to a color TV expert it's practically ancient.

## THIRD GENERATION COLOR TV

Now we come to the modern way of reproducing a color image. Stripes.

Again, do not color in the background.

Notice how much more color you can get into stripes than circles. Even though the total area of the diagrams is equal.

The colors look brighter. More true-to-life.

This system is the newest method of reproducing a color image most manufacturers have.

But it's not the newest Toshiba has.

## TOSHIBA INTRODUCES FOURTH GENERATION COLOR TV

When you color in the fourth diagram, you'll see it has all the advantages of the previous two.

The wealth of color of a stripe.

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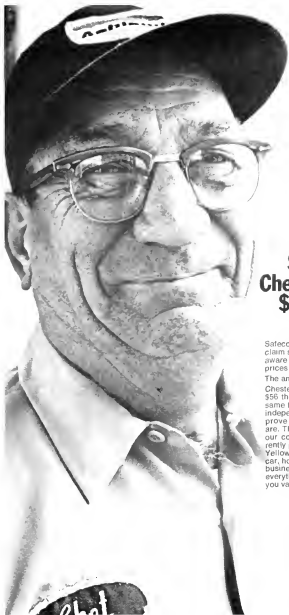
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There's much more in the way of standard touches and refinements, but hopefully we've shown you enough to make our point.

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quality, suggesting ways  
to change the situation for  
the better.

KCBS Newsradio, San  
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hensive daily reports on  
the energy crisis, while in  
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# SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT W. CREMER

## THE BASIS OF POWER

Happy Chandler, onetime commissioner of baseball and longtime Kentucky politician, surfaced last week to criticize all baseball commissioners before and after his reign, with particular emphasis on the current titleholder, Bowie Kuhn. Criticizing the baseball commissioner is easy to do: we've done it ourselves a few times. But Chandler's shotgun approach merely obscures the problems besetting the office. Happy pruned himself as a players' man, fiercely independent of the owners, at best a debatable assumption, and added that baseball's commissioner today should be more like football's Pete Rozelle. Yet Rozelle, an admirable administrator, is under fire by the NFL players association as an owners' man, while Kuhn is engaged in a serious showdown with Charles O. Finley, who is currently the most successful owner in baseball.

The trouble lies not with the man in the commissioner's job, but in the matter of his power, his authority, and in whether or not a sport can govern itself. It does not matter whether the baseball commissioner is Chandler or Kuhn or Yogi Berra; his capacity to govern derives from the consent of those being governed. When this consent is denied—as it has been in sport after sport in recent years by recourse to outside authority, specifically the courts—no commissioner can control his sport. Baseball recognized this years ago by including in its governing law a provision that says the various clubs "agree to be bound by the decisions of the commissioner . . . and waive recourse to the courts."

Finley has not yet gone to court in defiance of Kuhn, but he has hinted that he might, which would directly challenge Kuhn's authority. On the other hand, football's ability to govern itself was considerably strengthened last winter when the owners of the New Orleans Saints refused to challenge in court a drastic ruling against them by Rozelle. They were not happy about it, but they accepted the

judgment. The consent of the governed: a principle of republican government. Without it, there is no authority, unless you use an army to hack you up.

## HORSEFEATHERS

Some people think the fuel shortage will be a blessing in disguise if it forces us to take up the sedate and peaceful practice of traveling via horse instead of combustion engine. But getting a horse is not a brand-new idea: statistics reveal that there are more privately owned saddle horses in the country today than there were in 1900. Further, travel with a horse is not all that sedate. Captain Paul Latoures of the California Highway Patrol says that in 1901 accidents involving horses killed 3,850 people in the U.S., a fatality rate of 32 persons per 100 million miles. In 1972 motor-vehicle deaths in California occurred at the rate of less than four persons per 100 million miles. Don't get a horse.

## PEP TALK

Hank Stram, coach of the National Football League's Kansas City Chiefs, had some encouraging things to say about the proposed World Football League (Sf. Oct. 4/15, Oct. 8), which hopes to begin play next season. Stram did not praise the new league, but neither did he dismiss it out of hand, as some NFL people have done. Stram recalled the early years of the American Football League, before it achieved parity with the NFL and, eventually, merger. Of those days when Hank coached the Dallas Texans, forerunners of the Chiefs, he said, "There was a lot of talk then that the AFL would not succeed, but somebody is always trying to downgrade your product. That only stimulates you and motivates you to do a better job. If you're any kind of competitor, you're going to try to prove what people said was wrong. You always have to endure the tough times and light your way through the hurt periods."

Stram thinks there are enough players

to stock a new league, thus agreeing with NFL leaders, who say that of 7,000 college seniors playing football each fall only 500 or so are given even a chance to make it in the NFL. "It's easy to say there aren't enough players," Stram said, "but who's to know?" They said that about the AFL, and look how competitive it became."

## ANYBODY HERE SEEN KELLY?

Terence Vincent Kelly, a lawyer in Oshawa, Ontario, is a sports nut, but not your common variety of sports nut. Unlike some intense fans, he does not latch on to one team and follow it everywhere, seeing every game it plays. Not Kelly. He wants to see every team everywhere. In Scotland last year he attended five soccer matches in one day, just to get the atmosphere of each game. Last March he matched the National Hockey League schedule with an airlines guide and went on a hockey tour. On Friday night he saw the Vancouver Canucks play the Sabres in Buffalo, on Saturday the New York



Rangers and the Flyers in Philadelphia, on Sunday afternoon the Minnesota North Stars and the Bruins in Boston and on Sunday night the Toronto Maple Leafs and the Rangers in New York. He popped home Monday, but on Tuesday flew to Bloomington, Minn. to see the North Stars against the California Golden Seals and on his way home detoured to St. Louis to see the Golden Seals play the Blues.

During the baseball season he caught a Friday night pitchers' duel between the Mets' Tom Seaver and the Cardinals' Rick Wise in St. Louis, an Angels-Royals game in Kansas City on Saturday and a Cardinals-Cubs doubleheader in Chicago on Sunday.

continued



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# From The Roffler Pros

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## SCORECARD - continued

He has season tickets to hockey games in Toronto and Buffalo, and to Canadian football games in Hamilton. He'll go to England for cricket at Lord's and to Newfoundland for soccer cup matches.

What is it about sport that gets him? "Electricity," he says. "A buildup of things that make the game important." This Sunday he plans to attend the Grey Cup, the big final game in Canadian football, although he still did not have tickets as of last week.

"I'll show up about 1:20," Kelly told Jim Kernaghan of the *Toronto Star*. The game starts at 1:30. "I'll get in. There's no such thing as a sellout and there never has been. Somebody out from always has tickets, and somebody always has one or two left over, no matter what the game. Except for my season tickets, I rarely arrange anything in advance. There's a way to buy a ticket at the right price."

## YOU'RE THE TOP

The No. 1 team in college football, unlike its counterpart in college basketball (page 70), varies from year to year, but almost invariably it comes from a time-honored familiar list of colleges. Any half-way knowledgeable fan can predict the most likely contenders for the national championship: two, three, four years from now. Almost certainly, it will be the same old gang. Last week's Top Ten, for example, included only one team, UCLA, that had not finished in the exclusive list at least twice in the past five years; since 1969 a small cluster of 20 teams has monopolized every rung in the Top Ten.

The most frequent member of the group has been Michigan, which has not missed in five seasons. Next are four-timers Ohio State, Nebraska and Penn State. With three appearances each are Texas, Oklahoma, Notre Dame, Southern California, Alabama, Tennessee and LSU. Seven of these 11 perennials were still unbeaten after last Saturday's games, and the other four had lost only four games among them—if you don't count games played with each other. From these 11 teams have come the national champions in each of the last 12 years and in 22 of the last 27.

As Woody Hayes of Ohio State has said, "In college football, success attracts the best athletes. Success leads to success." And the rich get richer, the schedules get softer and, except for the few

times a season when the Best play the Best, the games get duller.

Frank Broyles of Arkansas, who commented last spring on this concentration of talent (SEVEN, June 4), suggested a week or so ago that the NCAA cancel all football schedules two or three seasons from now and realign the teams. As it is now, Broyles argued, the top teams each season "play four, five, six schools that can't compete with them. The alumni don't want to support a university whose football team gets beat 40-0 and 50-0." He proposed that the perennial top teams be grouped together and play only one another.

"I think something drastic has to be done," said Broyles, "or a lot of schools are going to drop football entirely in the next few years."

#### NOMINAL VICTORY

World Team Tennis, the new professional tennis league, may not turn out to be a success, but it has already made an impact with its team nicknames. Stodiously avoiding the bloodthirsty labels that permeate existing leagues, most of the WTT clubs have come up with names that reflect a characteristic of the city or an aspect of tennis. Thus, one finds the New York Sees, the Denver Racquets, the Chicago Aces, the Los Angeles Strings, the San Diego Swingers and the Detroit Loves (whose general manager happens to be Bob Love). And the Oakland Golden Gaters, the Philadelphia Freedoms (you remember Independence Hall), the Pittsburgh Triangles, the Baltimore Banners (*The Star-Spangled Banner?* Right!) and the Houston EZ Riders (they're owned by Mr. and Mrs. E. Z. Jones).

Someone has suggested that if California gets another franchise in the league the teams could be named the San Andreas Double Faults. In any case, headline writers will have rich opportunities when WTT teams play. We can see Freedoms Curtailed, Banners Felled, Triangles Bisected, Strings Tied and, when Detroit wins the championship, Loves Conquer All.

#### RABBIT, RUN

The rabbit lobby has achieved a signal victory in Florida. Humane societies objected to the common practice of training racing greyhounds by letting them chase live rabbits in practice sessions. They complained to Attorney General Robert Shemin, who took their case to

*continued*



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## SCORECARD

court, and this month Circuit Court Judge F. R. Mills ruled the practice illegal. Because greyhound racing is big business in Florida, Judge Mills gave the industry a year of grace to come up with a rabbitless training system.

In handing down his ruling, the judge said, "I'm not satisfied with the evidence by the state or the defendant. There was not enough to show me that the method is or is not the only way these dogs can be trained. But I can't believe there can't be some method other than the use of what the evidence indicates are Easter bunnies and jackrabbits."

Greyhound owners, breeders and trainers were dismayed by the ruling. Some predicted that most of Florida's greyhound breeding farms would fold their kennels and leave the state before it goes into effect. "It's awfully damn hard to train a dog to race without a live rabbit," said owner Woody Blackwell. Brad Cochran, a trainer, said, "I think it behooves the state to come up with a new training system. It gets about \$35 million a year from greyhound racing."

The greyhound men said that only jackrabbits, regarded as pests in most parts of the U.S., are used to train the dogs. Owner Chester Culhuth said, "I don't understand it. Some people wring chickens' necks, and they hit hogs between the eyes with hammers. They used to pay a bounty to kill jackrabbits out West. So what's wrong with dogs chasing rabbits?"

### THEY SAID IT

• **Berne (Boon Boom) Geoffrion**, Atlanta Flames coach, on how he would like to handle the Philadelphia Flyers, National Hockey League penalty champions last year: "If I could talk Jimmy Brown into coming out of retirement and then get the Flames to sign Larry Cosca and Dick Butkus, I'd take a week to teach them how to skate. Then, the next time Philadelphia came to town, I'd put the three of them on the same line."

• **Duffy Dyer**, New York Mets reserve catcher, discussing possible trades: "I hope that when Yogi Berra sits down to talk trades, he'll do just what he did this season—forget about me completely."

• **Frank Howard**, former Clemson football coach, on Bear Bryant's \$100,000 contribution to the University of Alabama for scholarships: "Ol' Bear's getting religious. Now he's tithing one-tenth of his income."

END



*Photographed in Upper Bim Street, Edinburgh, Scotland*

## What to wear to the Wynds

Wend your way through the winding Wynds, the narrow little streets of old Edinburgh. As you wend, enjoy the direct, easygoing lines of this suit by Austin Reed of Regent Street.

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# DENTING THE STEELERS

*For a team whose will was forged in privation, a cushy 8-1 record was too much prosperity, and Denver wrought an upset* **by ROY BLOUNT, JR.**

In fairness to Pittsburgh," said Denver Coach John Ralston afterward, "we caught them at an ideal time. They just had three emotional games. We were in the right spot on their schedule."

On their schedule? In their entire history! It must be noted, in fairness to the Broncos, that they played well last Sunday in beating the Steelers 23-13. But they had the good fortune to be encountering Pittsburgh on the one weekend in the team's 41 and 10/14ths seasons when it was sitting pretty.

The Steelers were sitting, more specifically, on their first 8-1 record ever and a reasonably cosy lead in their division. They had a 13-game regular-season home-field winning streak going and they were playing in their own Three Rivers Stadium, which the Steelers believe is inhabited by "the great god Tar-Tan"—an allusion to the Tartan surface on which visitors have been stumbling.

The Broncos, however, pawed it, galloped over it and ate it up. Denver Running Back Floyd Little managed in the dressing room to confuse the metaphor as well as he had the Steelers' defenses on the field. "The hungry dog," he explained, "hunts best."

Steelers Coach Chuck Noll was advised of Little's remark. Noll does not waste words. "That's said well," he said. "We were either tired or fat."

How about that? The Steelers, after all those lean years, suddenly found fat, reminded that they put their pants on one leg at a time, more or less like everybody else. (Cus D'Amato, the fight manager, used to hold his pants low and jump into them with both feet to refute any com-

ceivable speculation that he was ordinary. He may be doing it yet.)

Furthermore, it could be argued that the Steelers' greatest strength, their pass rush, had not been sapped but instead had been used against them. "They have the best defensive line we've seen," said Little, who ran for 88 yards through and around it. "We didn't want them flying about in the backfield. We made them commit themselves, and then ran away from them."

Traps, draws and 13 passes whose combined length was only 86 yards, all orchestrated by the Broncos' wily veteran quarterback, Charley Johnson, left the Steelers in a mighty but misdirected lurch. Lending a helping hand were the Steelers, who fumbled three times. One, by Rocky Wier on the opening kickoff, resulted in the first of Jim Turner's three field goals; another, by Steve Davis returning a fourth-period kickoff, resulted in Denver's final score, a two-yard touchdown pass, Johnson to Riley Odoms. Pittsburgh had but one moment of glory, Terry Hanratty hooking up with Ron Shanklin on yet another of their long, prayerful touchdown plays, this one covering 42 yards early in the fourth quarter to tie the game 13-13.

"You're always supposed to stop the run first and make them pass," reflected Pittsburgh Defensive Tackle Tom Keating. His emotions as a former employee of Al Davis had been gratified in the previous week's win over Oakland, during

*continues*

*Bronco Joe Dawkins beats through three of Pittsburgh's usually redoubtable defenders.*







which the Steeler rush reached a great crest. Against the Broncos, said Keating, "We started out rushing the passer." And the rush's wave broke.

That left the Steelers, the parvenus of the NFL, gasping on the bench. Noll, whose first season record with the Steelers was 1-13 and who has patiently

steered them to their current prosperity, had warned of such a possibility during the preceding week.

It was a situation entirely new to the city of Pittsburgh, as if the Allegheny were to run blue with potable water or mango trees should be discovered, their limbs heavy with fruit, in the Fort Pitt

tunnel. The head coach of the town's professional football team was actually cautioning against complacency.

"You start thinking you've got it made, that's when you're in trouble," said Noll.

Trouble, yes. That Steeler fans know about. Boils, locusts, receivers spiking the ball on the five-yard line. But having it made? Throughout their history the Steelers have had it at all only once, last year, and then it appeared not to have been made so much as caught in a bottle. In '72 Noll's forces came from nowhere—or, more precisely, from just ahead of Houston in the experts' minds—to edge out Cleveland in the AFC Central Division for the Steelers' first championship in 40 years. Then they beat Oakland in the playoffs when some sixth sense, or an angel, directed Franco Harris to catch a deflected pass and run it in for a last-second touchdown, only to lose 21-17 to Miami in the AFC title game.

But going into the Denver game last week the Steelers at last had a reason to feel like an entrenched NFL power. In addition to their 8-1 record, they sported a 2½-game division lead over the Browns and a warm glow from successive victories over the Bengals, Redskins and Raiders. Of course, the Steelers were trying to regard the situation as a challenge. "This game will be an interesting test," said Hanratty. "We've never had a cushion before."

"Last year we were always surprising people," added veteran Center Ray Mansfield. "Now everybody is coming up out of the ground after us. The top always seems secure when you look up at it, but when you're looking down from it, the foundation feels shaky."

Mansfield remembered an earlier, darker time when off the field, or for that matter on it, one was reluctant to identify oneself as a Steeler and one made public appearances gratis—"to be badgered," as team Vice-President Dan Rooney gently puts it.

"These days we seem to do whatever we need to do to win," said Mansfield. "We used to do whatever we needed to do to lose. It's not just that things are averaging out. Before, we always had an impending feeling of doom. That kind of feeling makes you cautious. A big theme



PHOTOGRAPHS BY WALTER DODS JR.

*Bendaged but unbowed, the Steelers' Terry Hanratty completed 10 of 18 for 217 yards.*

in Noll's coaching is that cautiousness creates mistakes."

Or maybe the explanation is more spiritual. "The Lord has His hand on our shoulder," Steeler President Art Rooney was saying recently. "I hope He doesn't take it off."

The proper way for a New Steeler to feel, then, is uncocky, incautious and gratefully anointed. It all adds up to an impending sense of glory. But the Steelers last week were not coming right out and saying, "Well, in all respect to our opponents, I believe we are going to be fortunate enough to eat up the NFL and live in the memories of football fans forever, the Lord willing, and you can quote me on that."

No, they were more circumspect. After all, their original starting quarterback, Terry Bradshaw, was still out with a partially separated shoulder, and his successor, Hanratty, had been having, as one local writer put it blithely, "more trouble with his ribs than Adam." Resplendent Running Back Frenchy Fuqua was out of his sequined arm sling, and thus need no longer complain that anything he wore—such as his multicolored tasseled Serbian yarmulke—"might look attractive, but I couldn't win any dress-offs with my arm like that." Nonetheless, the Frenchman was still not sufficiently recovered from his cracked collarbone to play. Franco Harris had only in recent games been secure enough on his bruised knee and in his starting role to run magically again—gliding laterally to pick and choose his holes, even taking a step into one before backing out and finding a better one, and then, after all that fastidiousness, going on to bowl a couple of people over.

The Steelers were aware that Anything Could Happen still. So Linebacker Jack Ham, when asked for a comment appropriate to this high-water mark in Steeler history, stated simply, "Say 'It's a jungle out there.'" And then he looked up from his losing-gen game to shout, "Van Dyke is a bleep!" Guard Bruce Van Dyke was being interviewed a few feet away by a fidgety youth with a tape recorder.

"Just say that Roy Gerela is the greatest ever to play this game," was Hanratty's observation.

"No," said Placekicker Gerela, who happened himself to be standing nearby. "The greatest Canadian."

But if the Steelers were disinclined to assert their own eminence too grandly,

an observer need not be so reticent. It may be stated confidently that Pittsburgh has the following:

A front four that can whip any 47 people in the United States, hand-to-hand, on a given Sunday. Usually.

An offense capable of vivid and even explosive running and passing and which will score—sometimes on its own initiative but most often when presented with the right opportunity, such as a first down inside the opposing 20 after an interception.

The Lord's hand on its shoulder.

The front four are Mean Joe Greene, Dwight (Mad Dog) White, L. C. (Hollywood Bags) Greenwood and either Ernie (Fats) Holmes or Keating. As a group they have no name. The Steel Curtain and The Anvil Chorus have been proposed. *The Pittsburgh Courier* uses The Bananaad Black Front, but that sounds like a weather condition and would seem to exclude Keating who, although a great deal of his face is covered by a brown mustache, is otherwise white. Since Greene, White, Greenwood and Holmes wear gold shoes, in defiance of Pete Rozelle's recommendation that everyone on a team dress the same in order to provide fans with a standard uniform product, the names Golden Goodies and The Gold Rush have been suggested. But no one has been heard to call the front four either of those things.

Whether they are called or not, however, they come. "Last year," says White, "offenses did obvious things to us and we did obvious things back. This year they're playing all kinds of games with us, and it's funky. But if it's third down and 20, I don't care if you know exactly what I'm going to do. I'm going to jack my tail way up, get that sprinter's start and you know I'm coming."

Against Oakland the front four (how about The Nameless Drend?) knocked red-hot Quarterback Ken Stabler out of the game early and sacked his replacement, Daule Lamonica, four times. White also picked off two passes, one that Greene tipped into the air and one that he swept right out of Lamonica's hands. The other rushers were nearly as devastating, even though the footing was so bad where the sod had been filled in over Charlie Finley's infield that Greene said, "Once my head slid under a piece of turf, I thought I was playing baseball and my head was under second base." One of Greene's most terrible charges, featuring

his noted forearm uppercut, came after he complained to an official that the guard opposite him had Vaseline on his shoulder pads (the Lord may have placed His hand on the Raiders' shoulder that Sunday and it slipped off).

Cornerback Mel (Supe) Blount and Safety Glen (Pie) Edwards also intercepted Oakland passes. It was Edwards' sixth interception, tying him with Safety Mike Wagner for the team lead. The Steelers lead the NFL in interceptions.

And a good thing, too. But if the Pittsburgh offense has not been as consistent as the defense, it has provided thrills. Three times Hanratty has entered a game and thrown his first pass for a long touchdown. In fact, 27% of Hanratty's completions have been scoring ones. And a remarkable nine of Shanklin's 23 receptions have been for six points.

So the offense has not offended heaven, whose influence works in mysterious ways. Thus it is that Steeler games this year have tended to hinge back and forth on wild assortments of breaks, the most providential ones being the Steelers'.

For instance, when Hanratty had to leave the Washington game after a rusher crunched his aching ribs, backup man Joe Gilliam entered coolly and filled the air with sizzling, often strikingly incautious passes. The Steelers caught three, the Redskins two, and that was a winning edge, thanks considerably to the Steelers' last defensive play. The Redskins' Larry Brown caught what might have been a game-winning pass on the Pittsburgh one, but Wagner hit him so hard the ball squirted away and Edwards caught it, and when Edwards fumbled it Wagner fell on it, and when Wagner lost at Greene recovered it. In effect that ball has been rolling all year, and the Steelers keep coming down on top of it.

Against Denver, Greene was out most of the game with a back spasm and the closest Edwards and Wagner came to getting together was when Wagner so nearly intercepted a pass that he apparently obstructed Edwards' view of the ball, and Edwards dropped it. In fact, the Steelers did not take the ball away from the Broncos once.

The Broncos said they were fired up after Offensive Tackle Marv Montgomery broke his leg in the third quarter. All the breaks seemed to go against the Steelers this time. They are better fighting their way out of poverty. That cushion didn't suit them.

END

# ARTIS AND THE QUICK-CHANGE ARTISTS

*By switching to the fast break, Artis Gilmore, Dan Issel and the rest of the Colonels have shot to the top of their division* **by PETER CARRY**

Kentucky Forwards Dan Issel and Wendell Ladner were already sprinting across midcourt when Center Artis Gilmore made a second leap at a rebound which had remained tantalizingly at basket level, skipping off his fingertips to those of Pacers Mel Daniels and George McGinnis and then back again. The ball finally in his grasp, Gilmore turned, took one huge step toward the foul line and threw a pass two-thirds the length of Louisville's Freedom Hall to Ladner running a fly pattern down the left sideline. Without taking a dribble, Ladner bounced a cross-court pass to Issel, who was cutting in from the opposite side. Issel took the ball in full stride, glided past a solitary Indiana defender and scored an easy lay-in, giving the Colonels an early six-point lead in their 100-96 win over the defending ABA champions last week.

The play was nothing more than an old-fashioned fast break—old-fashioned, that is, to many teams other than the Colonels, for whom the break is decidedly newfangled. In the two seasons that the 7'2" Gilmore and the 6'9" Issel had previously played together, Kentucky had become the Lawrence Welk of pro basketball—a-one and a-two and a-Artis and a-Dan. Rather than trying to run away from the opposition, the Colonels preferred to walk the ball upcourt and pass it inside in an attempt to collapse the inner defenses. Since Gilmore and Issel weigh 240 pounds apiece and are immensely strong, this approach had its effective moments, particularly two seasons ago when Kentucky won 68 games. But the Colonels' failure to get past the first playoff round in 1972 and a decline in their fortunes last season revealed their power offense to be too static and predictable. And, said the Kentucky ownership, too boring to watch. A change to the running game was ordered up, with unpredictable results for a team with barely average speed. Now it is the other clubs that are catching stat-



*Elsie Brown is the Kentucky chairperson*

ic from Kentucky, which at week's end led the ABA's Eastern Division with a 13-3 record, the best in the league.

Altering its offense from a walk to a run has not been the only quick change Kentucky has undergone of late. Near the end of last season, the youthful Louisville millionaires who owned the team sold it up the river—to Cincinnati. The franchise remained there only three months before being repurchased by one of the former owners, John Y. Brown Jr., who made more than \$300 million selling Kentucky Fried Chicken. Actually, the official owner of the team is Brown's 33-year-old wife Elsie, a former cheerleader at Central City (Ky.) High. Elsie balks at suggestions that her name only appears on the ownership papers because it might provide a tax shelter or free her husband to seek the Senate seat he is known to covet. Asked what she knew about basketball, she replied, "My husband didn't know anything about frying chicken," and immediately named an all-woman board of directors (later integrated by a non-girl named Adolph Rupp).

"I admit they've done a great job meeting businessmen and selling tickets," says one reporter, acknowledging that attendance is up more than 14%, "but the Women's Liberation folks shouldn't get too excited. This is still a puppet operation, with John Y. calling all the important shots. It's like taking a secretary and making her think she's running things by changing her title to executive assistant."

One decision John Y. definitely had a hand in was the switch to a fast-break offense. As soon as the Browns acquired the Colonels he said he thought Kentucky fans would find them more fun to watch if they ran around the court like the Rupp-coached teams he remembered down at his alma mater, the U. of Kentucky. Statements like that sent Colonel Coach Joe Mullany, now with Utah, and General Manager Mike Storen, now the ABA commissioner, scurrying.

Former Colonel Coach Gene Rhodes, whom Storen had fired three years ago, was hired to replace his old nemesis in the front office, and the man picked to succeed Mullany was an even more unlikely choice. He is Babe McCarthy, Old Magnolia Breath himself, whose pro teams have never shown the slightest inclination to move any faster than their coach talks.

McCarthy claims that his slowdown style was dictated by the talent available. "I swah on my mother's grave this ain't a change in philosophy for me," he says. "Gawdang, coachin' a fast-break team is the easiest jawb 'cause ya don't hafta figure awt how to break down defenses. I jus' nver had the main ingredient ya need to break—the bag reboundin' center. When we git the runnin' game down good—that could take 'til next year—and Awrtis gits as break-conscious as I'm hopin' he will, well then we kin leave most of the reboundin' to 'im and e'yone else kin run like heck down the cawt."

One Colonel already off and running is Issel, who has neither the speed nor the appearance associated with the sort of excellent open-court player he is. He has the kind of build usually reserved for tight ends; his quadriceps are so massive they make his kneecaps look like indentations. And he has the smile of a defenseman who has caught too many pucks with his teeth. The absence of three incisors makes Issel look like the meanest man on any court until he tells how

he lost them. "I tripped over the half-court line and fell on my face in grade school," he says. "In all fairness to myself, I think it's important to mention that they had just waxed the floor."

Isel is indeed a tough customer in close to the basket, scoring on the type of set plays that were 70% of Kentucky's offense last season, but perhaps no more than 30% this year. Still, the change in offense has not reduced his average but simply made it easier for him to score his 28.4 points a game, highest in the ABA. He has done it mainly by working harder than any man his size to move out on the break.

Isel's knack of sneaking away for easy baskets is an important element in the Kentucky break because the Colonels have still to master the three-on-two attack, which is the basis of most running offenses. In a loss to Carolina earlier in the week, Kentucky turned rebounds and steals into 25 break opportunities and yet scored only 23 points. Missed shots, many of them taken too far from the goal, ill-timed passes, the failure to fill lanes in the classic fashion and Gilmore's unpolished outlet passing were to blame.

"What would give me the biggest thrill right now would be if I could learn to grab the rebound, turn in midair and throw the ball out to an open man at halfcourt before I hit the floor," says Gilmore, a quiet, perhaps too gentle man whose slender frame is deceiving; though his waist is only 32", each of his thighs is 27" around. Gilmore's hamstrings are so well developed that he appears to be running and jumping on the world's two largest frogs' legs, a real asset in his newest hobby, scuba diving.

Although he was good enough in his rookie season to be the ABA's Most Valuable Player for 1972, Gilmore is now one of the league's most improved performers. His hesitancy to block shots, which came as a result of repeated goaltending calls in his first season, is now gone and he so thoroughly dominates the league in rebounding that his average of 18.8 a game leads the ABA by five.

Yet Kentucky fans remain unappreciative of Gilmore, perhaps because he forced higher-scoring home-state hero Isel out of his natural position at center, perhaps because he is a victim of the thinking that anyone 7 feet tall ought to be able to cram shoes into the basket at will. Groans over his performance against Carolina were heard from the

stands, even though his statistics—15 points, 18 rebounds, 11 assists and seven blocked shots—indicated he had not exactly been playing out of position either.

Three nights later against Indiana, Artis' critics were left speechless. While his teammates ran for 33 fast-break points, many of them by Isel, Gilmore had 27 rebounds, blocked eight shots, passed for five assists and scored 22 points, including the winning basket on an uncharacteristic foul-line jumper.

No plays better demonstrated his defensive prowess than two that occurred in succession just after the second period opened. On the first, 6'9" Darnell Hillman drove one-on-one against Gil-

more, soared high off the floor and began to slam the ball downward toward the basket. Somewhere in the air space above the square painted in the center of the backboard, Gilmore flicked the ball from Hillman's hand and drew an offensive foul for good measure. Twenty-four seconds later, Daniels drove down the middle of the lane and, in apparent horror over Gilmore's sudden arrival between him and the basket, threw up a rock-hard shot from six feet out. The ball caromed off the backboard, and Daniels, too, ended his foray by crashing into Artis and being assessed an offensive foul. With defense like that from Gilmore, the Colonels may need only a few good breaks to outrun the rest of the league. **END**

*Flying High, Gilmore passes over Indiana's Mel Daniels to Isel, the ABA's leading scorer*



# ONLY SENIOR BACKS NEED APPLY

*The Heisman Trophy is voted annually to "the outstanding college football player in the United States," but history has proved that linemen and underclassmen seldom merit serious consideration*

by ROBERT H. BOYLE

Words are like leaves, some wither ev'ry year," wrote Wentworth Dillon, Earl of Roscommon, in 1680, anticipating the fate of college sports information directors who grind out releases boosting their candidates for the Heisman Trophy. Voted upon by 1,200 sportswriters and broadcasters the country over, bestowed the first week in December by the Downtown Athletic Club of New York and named for John W. Heisman, a college coach who served out his later years as the club director of athletics, the Heisman Memorial Trophy, to give it its proper name, is supposed to go—with no ifs, ands, or buts—to "the outstanding college football player in the United States" for a single season.

In past seasons the Heisman voting, for all its quirks, distractions and hoopla, usually offered either an obvious winner, such as O. J. Simpson in 1968, or a close race between a couple of candidates, such as Steve Owens and Mike Pappas in 1969 or Pat Sullivan and Ed Manzano the year before last. Last week, however, as voters began to fill out their ballots, there was an evanescent sense of befuddlement. Dick Denny of *The Indianapolis News*, one of a number of voters sampled by *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*, summed it up for many by remarking, "This is probably the strangest year for Heisman possibilities I can remember."

The season is strange because some of the players who truly merit consideration

are bucking the formula that has evolved in the minds of voters over the decades. In 38 years of picking a Heisman Trophy winner, seniors have won 34 times and juniors four. Freshmen and sophomores do not stand a chance. Similarly, interior linemen and defensive players are shut out. The winners include 35 backs, two ends and a flanker. Not one of the backs was chosen for defensive play. The award goes to a man who carries or throws the ball. There are further subtleties to the unofficial but rigid formula. Thirty-six of the Heisman recipients played on winning teams (of which 10 were unbeaten), one on a break-even team (Jay Berwanger of Chicago, the first Heisman winner in 1935) and only one on a losing team (Paul Hornung on the 2-8 Notre Dame team of 1956). It helps to play for Notre Dame (six Heismans, more than any other school) or in an important conference. The Big Ten leads with eight Heisman winners, the Pacific Eight has five, the Southeastern Conference four, and the Big Eight, Southwest Conference and Ivy League (before it was the Ivy League) three each. No other conference, and that includes the Atlantic Coast, has ever had a Heisman Trophy winner.

The discrepancy between the formula and who really deserves to win this year is apparent from the SI sampling. Correspondents who participate in the Heisman voting were asked to cast two imaginary ballots. In the first, they were asked to predict the top three finishers in the actual voting. In the other ballot they were asked to list the top three players for this season on sheer merit. On both ballots, as in the Heisman Trophy voting, the player named first was to get three points, the second player two points and the third one. Predictably, the tallies from the two different ballots do not match.

Ohio State's outstanding offensive

*Ohio State's John Hicks has won praise from Woody Hayes, but Hicks can't win: linemen.*



tackle, John Hicks, was a narrow winner among the "shoulds" but a distant eighth among the "woulds." Penn State Tailback John Cappelletti overwhelmingly captured the most likely vote but he was second to Hicks among the most deserving players.

According to the sampling, the third best player in the U.S. this season, rated solely on his ability, is Tony Dorsett, the Pittsburgh tailback. His credentials are impressive. He has rushed for more than 1,500 yards (including 209 against Notre Dame) and helped turn a derelict squad (1-10 last season) into a bowl team (Fiesta). "Dorsett really exemplifies what the Heisman Trophy is all about," says Pat Livingston of *The Pittsburgh Press* in a not untypical accolade. "The great player who has the qualities which rally a team about him." Alas, Dorsett is a freshman, and therefore cannot win. There is no rule against freshmen, merely voter prejudice. In the balloting predicting the top three finishers, Dorsett received only one mention and that was for second place. As Dan Hardesty of the *Baton Rouge State Times* puts it, "I basically don't believe a freshman in less than one season can prove he is the best college football player in the country and deserving of such an honor." Smith Barrier of the *Greensboro Daily News* says, "I don't buy the 'senior only' qualification, but a freshman?"

Ohio State's Hicks was only one of three linemen who rated well in the imaginary, merit-only voting, but the others—Tackle Lucious Selmon of Oklahoma and Center Bill Wyman of Texas—like Hicks finished far out of the money in the Heisman prediction vote because linemen never win. Moreover, Hicks is competing for votes with fellow Buckeyes Randy Gradishar, a linebacker, and Archie Griffin, a running back.

If the formula says that freshmen or linemen cannot win, it also says who can. And the overwhelming winner here, going by the sampling, is Cappelletti. He fits the formula perfectly: a senior back who, in the words of a Midwestern sportswriter, "plays for a prestigious college with a winning record and a worthy and respected coach. He follows in the tradition of Penn State running backs like Lenny Moore, Lydell Mitchell and Franco Harris." Cappelletti is likely to get strong regional support. John Travers of *The Harrisburg Patriot* flat out calls Cappelletti the "choice of this area." Which is another

way of saying forget Dorsett.

The selection of Cappelletti would not outrage punts. In his first 10 games this year (and he was in for only three plays against Syracuse without carrying), he gained 1,361 yards, half of the Lions' team total. The sole time that Penn State has suffered a shutout during his career there—the 14-0 loss to Oklahoma in the Sugar Bowl last New Year's Eve—Cappelletti was sidelined by illness and the offense could not get going without him in the backfield. As Travers says, "There is no doubt in my mind that Penn State would not be where it is today without Cappelletti—10-0 and bowl bound again."

The players likely to challenge Cappelletti are David Jaynes of Kansas and Tom

Clements of Notre Dame, both senior quarterbacks, and Fullback Roosevelt Leaks of Texas. Leaks has two factors in his favor, both really unrelated to his true abilities, which are exceptional. One is his name, "easily remembered," a couple of voters point out, and the other is his single-game rushing total of 342 yards against Southern Methodist in a nationally televised game. Television impact counts for a lot; many Heisman voters, swamped in a sea of press releases, regard a strong TV game as a lifesaver. Hurting Leaks is the fact that he is a junior, his ineffectual showing against Oklahoma, and a split of regional votes for Wyman, who opens the holes for him, and for others such as Arizona State Quarterback Dunny Whate, who leads the nation in total offense. Whate's chances in turn will be hurt by a further split of votes for teammate Woody Green, who is among the top 20 rushers.

As much as Leaks' name is memorable, so is Anthony Davis' feat of scoring



Although Tony Dorsett of Pitt is a winner, forget him, freshman.

six touchdowns for Southern California against Notre Dame last year. Unfair as it is, that game will persuade a number of voters to name Davis even though he has been a comparative bust this season.

Archie Griffin should finish third or fourth in the voting. He will be held back because he is a sophomore, and there also is the suspicion he is running behind a great line led by Hicks. Hicks, Selmon and Wyman are, judging from the Heisman sampling, the top candidates for the Outland Trophy given by the Football Writers' Association of America for the best lineman of the year. In many ways, it is a shame that linemen are even candidates for the Heisman because the formula is so stacked against them. No matter who wins the trophy this year, and Cappelletti must rank as the favorite, it is the gentlemen of the Downtown Athletic Club took a realistic view of their venerable award, which is, not incidentally, an 18-inch bronze running back.

END

*Pinsford's only drama was provided by Ben Crenshaw (right), who easily made it two victories in a row before losing to Miller Barber.*



## 144 HOLES, 500,000 BUCKS AND 1 FLOP

*In the World Open, twice the usual number of golfers playing twice the usual number of holes for twice the usual number of dollars squeezed half the usual fun*

by DAN JENKINS





Professional tournament golf eased through another period of bizarre hilarity last week and came out of it better off than anyone would ever have guessed, mainly because 21-year-old Ben Crenshaw was around to do what a lot of 21-year-olds think they would like to do—save the world. Actually, it was the World Open he saved with his sensational style and ability, almost with his very presence, down in the worshipful forests of Pinehurst, N.C.

This was a tournament with heavy pretensions from the moment it was announced, a *World Open* for \$500,000 contested over eight rounds, 144 holes. Right away it was not only the richest

championship ever staged but the longest. But also right away it was doomed to have problems, and some of them were of the kind that no one is ever going to solve. Like how do you tell Jack Nicklaus that he has to be somewhere he doesn't want to be?

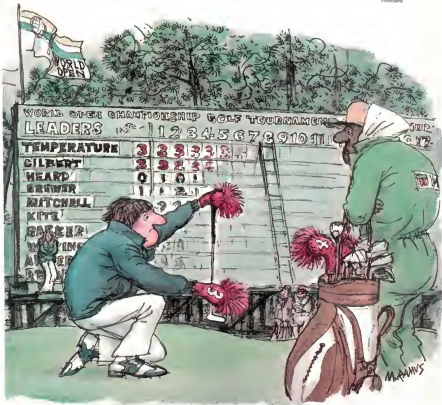
Nicklaus, the golfer of the age, was not in the World Open and, as it turned out, neither were Lee Trevino or Tom Weiskopf or Johnny Miller or Tony Jacklin. As a consequence, in and around Pinehurst over the last two weeks everybody wondered which world the sponsors were talking about, especially after the event trudged along in this one, long, gigantic yawn of producing leaders through the

first five rounds with such names as C. L. (Gibby) Gilbert, Allen Miller and Tom Watson.

Then came Crenshaw. He crashed onto the scene in the sixth round, shooting a seven-under 64 in a high, vicious wind on the architectural monument known as Pinehurst No. 2, and it was said that this round under those conditions was probably the best ever on a course that has felt the cleats of the game's finest players for 50 years.

Crenshaw's 64 vaulted him from 25th place and 18 strokes off the lead into a tie for second and serious contention. Suddenly the tournament took on life, for Crenshaw is a thrilling personality.

continued



with devastating talent and potential.

He had come to Pinehurst fresh from a couple of remarkable performances, having already been, for three years, a most impressive amateur, one who had captured the NCAA championship at the University of Texas a record three years in a row, which is impossible, and who had taken almost every amateur tournament he had chosen to enter—the Western, Southern, Sunnehanna, Northeastern, et cetera—until he turned pro in August.

His performance in the PGA qualifying school in October was stupefying. Over the eight rounds that were required at Perdido Bay and The Dunes at Myrtle Beach, Crenshaw was 16 under par and he beat the field by 12 strokes.

After that he entered his first tournament as an official touring pro and merely won it. He took the San Antonio-Texas Open just as easy as you please. And then on to Pinehurst, looking as if he had been born for immortality. But it was asking too much for him to win the World Open, too. The experienced Miller Barber, who had been playing steadily all the way and was, incidentally, hitting the best shots of his life, was destined to grab the \$100,000 first prize.

It came down to just the two of them Saturday afternoon. For a while Crenshaw and Barber were tied for the lead, but Barber closed with birdies on the 14th and 18th holes for a splendid 69. And Crenshaw, though firing a nifty 71, made a bad swing at a tee shot on the 16th hole, a par-5 he wanted to reach in two to pick up a birdie he felt he needed. The result was a bogey, and a comfortable walk home for Barber.

"It wasn't inexperience," Crenshaw said. "I know how to win tournaments. And I wasn't feeling any pressure. I was just trying to drive the ball 500 yards."

Afterward, one of those radio interview fellows rushed up to Crenshaw and said, "Guess you feel pretty proud to know that 240 players started out in this tournament and you beat all of them but one."

Ben smiled and said, "It's not as good as beating all of them, but it's sure better than being 240th."

Crenshaw took away \$44,175 for his second-place finish, which happens to be more than Arnold Palmer won all year in 1958, the year Palmer got his first Masters and began pumping new enthusiasm into the sport. This gives Crenshaw

total official earnings of \$76,749. Not a bad figure for a guy who had to pause once during the proceedings at Pinehurst to receive a trophy for being "the collegiate golfer of the year."

How does Crenshaw like the tour so far?

"The best advice I've had was from George Low. He told me, 'Don't listen to nobody out here, including me.' I think the hardest part is gonna be missing that good Mexican food in Austin."

Corresponding with all of the gloom surrounding the early play in the World Open was the news that Joe Dey, the commissioner of the PGA tour, was finally going to resign next spring. As sports cars go, both for the PGA and the USGA, Joe Dey has ranked right up there with the NFL's Pete Rozelle. History will assuredly regard Dey as a man who did more for "the good of the game" than perhaps anyone ever. And the PGA is not going to have an easy time finding a replacement.

The job Dey is leaving has been described in a number of ways, none flattering. It has been called a "school superintendent for spoiled brats" and a "limousine driver for eccentric millionaires," the point being that the touring pros are so independent and prosperous that they are unmanageable. And there is a considerable amount of truth to that.

Proof enough was the simple fact that the U.S. Open champion (Miller), the British Open champion (Weiskopf), the PGA champion (Nicklaus), the best British player (Jacklin) and the tour's most colorful character (Trevino) did not show up for the richest championship ever staged on one of the earth's prettiest and best courses. They all had reasons for being absent, and one has to assume that if Joe Dey could not persuade them to go to Pinehurst, then no one else is going to be able to accomplish it in the future, short of using blackmail or kidnapping.

There are many aging players who would like to have the job of commissioner, although they will not publicly admit it. The only avowed candidate is a player, not an aging one. He is Deane Beman, 35, who has had some business experience outside of golf. Dey likes Beman and believes him to be a bright, strong-willed fellow who just might be able to handle the task. But Dey alone is not going to make the decision about his replacement.

Joe is one of five gentlemen appointed to a committee to screen candidates, other members being Bill Clarke, the president of the PGA; J. Paul Austin, a soft-drink executive and "friend of the game"; and two competitors, Lionel Hebert and Charlie Coody. Ultimately, the 10-man tournament policy board will vote on it.

Dey was in Pinehurst last week celebrating his 66th birthday, enjoying the glorious weather that finally set in and trying to save the World Open for next year, which he did after a series of compromises with Bill Maurer, the president of Diamondhead Corporation, which owns Pinehurst. Maurer is the man who put up the cash and then had "less fun than I've ever had in my life" because of the no-shows and all of the jokes about the End of the World Open.

"We tried to do something different and worthwhile for golf, and nobody cared," said Maurer with obvious bitterness. "I'll argue with anybody who says we did it strictly to sell land. We're selling all the land and condominiums that it's prudent for us to sell."

Maurer is a rather humorless fellow most of the time who appears to be all business, no nonsense, and in something of a hurry. Without question, however, he has improved the Pinehurst area without destroying the old charm. And in making the announcement that the tournament would be renewed, he displayed a flair for dark comedy that even his employees did not know existed.

Nicklaus had said it was the "time of year" that kept him away, and Weiskopf had said he already had scheduled an elk hunt, and Trevino had said he couldn't go anywhere for two whole weeks. So when Maurer went before the small band of media assembled for the World Open and shut to inform them that next year's event would be held in September, that it would be a normal 72 holes, and that the money was coming down to \$325,000, he took some aggressive delight in remarking, "I hope September is a suitable time for Nicklaus. Trevino only wants to go somewhere for a week, so we've fixed that up. I don't know what we'll do about Weiskopf. Maybe we can stake out a caribou on the first fairway."

Throughout the whole affair in Pinehurst every conversation seemed to work its way around to why—really, honestly, deep down, why—so many of the game's top stars refused to enter the tournament.

*continued*

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And this in turn led to the larger problem of how the sport can ever guarantee a sponsor the glamour types he wants.

"The great thing about a Crenshaw is that he gives golf an instant new hero," said Maurer. "We need more. And then it won't be so important that you don't have a Nicklaus around."

The gossip was that Nicklaus and Maurer had once discussed a business opportunity, that Jack had been disenchanted with Maurer's approach to him, and this was the true explanation for Jack's absence. Both Nicklaus and Maurer deny this.

Nicklaus was saying not so long ago that he would "love" to play at Pinehurst because he likes to play nothing but "great golf courses." On the other hand, the dates were inconvenient for him; he had other commitments he could not get out of, such as the World Cup in Spain and the Disney, where he has to defend, and he had long ago scheduled these two weeks in November as a period of rest and relaxation, and that was that.

Weeks of argument that he was emotionally "drained" after the streak he had been on—winning six tournaments and never finishing worse than sixth over a 14-tournament stretch—and he was not entering another event the rest of 1973 even though he could capture the Vardon Trophy by simply showing up somewhere. He was going on the elk hunt (with Nicklaus, as a matter of fact), and then he was going on an African safari, and then he was going to do nothing but rest up and get ready for the whole grind again after the first of the year.

Trevino was serious when he said, "Man, I can't go anywhere for two whole weeks." To know him is to believe that. Also, Lee despises playing golf in cold weather, and he suspected the weather at Pinehurst would not be to his liking. He was correct. There was ice in some of the bunkers the first week and the wind had a bite to it.

Johnny Miller had intended to enter but he withdrew with the flu, and everyone at Pinehurst accepted this as being reasonable. And, finally, Tony Jacklin has given up competing in the U.S. altogether, except for major championships, and he was not willing to leap up immediately and dash over here with the feeling that Pinehurst had created a fifth portion of the modern Grand Slam, which seems to be the goal of every new tournament.

Joe Dey will leave the office of commissioner hoping that his plan to cure the player-sponsor problem will someday be adopted. Dey wants a shorter tour in America, for one thing, and he understands as clearly as anyone else that a world tour is inevitable. "It's upon us, really," says Joe. "It just needs some thought and cooperation."

What Dey would like to see the PGA do is establish 15 or so tournaments, apart from the major championships, as "must enter" events for the stars. These would be big-money tournaments on good courses, things such as the renovated World Open at Pinehurst next summer and a Tournament Players Division championship at Atlanta Country Club—which smacks a bit of being a National PGA by another name.

The super heroes at present are all against this plan for an upper-level tour. They just do not want to be ordered to be somewhere. As Nicklaus has said, "I'm not salaried out here, so what right does anybody have to dictate my schedule?"

Joe Dey argues that the plan would help uncomplicate their lives and, in fact, give them more free time, weeks of free time they can rely on and plan for. And in doing this, Dey insists, they will be helping the game that has been so good to them. Not to forget safeguarding against the day when sponsors might become so frustrated the tour will not be the golden groove the pros have long taken for granted. Already it is possible that the 1974 prize money will be lower than 1973's.

"If a recession were to hit the tour and their backs were against the wall, the players would surely guarantee the sponsors a representative field," Dey points out. "It's for their own good and that of the game that they take the initiative when they can deal from strength. Maybe my plan isn't the best answer, but they're going to have to do something."

The best cure for whatever ails the game was obvious to the loyal hundreds who followed the World Open. He had blondish, mod hair covering his ears, a campus-hero smile, the warmth and excitement of a young Arnold Palmer, the classic swing that is seen so rarely. Ben Crenshaw has it all. As Miller Barber said, "He's the best that's come along since Nicklaus. He's gonna be the new gunner. I knew when I beat him that I'd done beat somebody."

END



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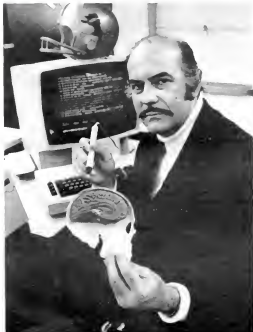
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Show me a man with high hostilities and I'll show you a man with sporting promise, says mild-mannered Professor Beausay, who probed hundreds of athletic personalities to prove his points

by GWILYM S. BROWN

## WINNING ONE FOR THE RIPPER



The last thing in the world that Psychologist William J. Beausay wants to be accused of is generalizing. None of this casual, flat-statement lumping together in categories, such as "All race drivers are aggressive" or "Everybody knows that linebackers are mean rascals." The art of psychology as applied to sport is much more exacting: men must be examined one at a time and their profiles carefully charted. And what has Dr. Beausay found after years of exhaustive study? Among other things, he has found that all race drivers are aggressive—and linebackers are nothing if not mean. And more.

By individual profile, a race driver is nervous, depressed, withdrawn, insensitive, self-absorbed, dominating, hostile,

uncontrolled. And if that isn't enough, he also is slow of eye, at least slower than the average person. On Dr. Beausay's charts, a driver who makes the lineup for the Indianapolis 500 tests so high on hostility that some psychiatrists might declare that improvement was urgent. He checks out as being so tense and high-strung that it seems a wonder he can buckle his crash helmet, let alone get his car out of the pits.

The data is right there, as the accompanying chart shows. No escaping the data: Beausay is the executive director of a small research institute he calls the Academy for the Psychology of Sports International, and the Toledo psychologist has run off personality profile tests on hundreds of practicing athletes, including 50 Indy drivers. After three years of examinations conducted at the Speedway during the race month of May, Dr. Beausay's data point to the conclusion that the most successful hard chargers who race there appear to be average in only one of nine vital personality characteristics. Further, the eyesight of the drivers is no better than the man's in the stands.

Tests by Beausay have shown that while the Indy driver has no trouble picking out the gibberish posted on an eye doctor's wall, he scores significantly lower than other athletes his age in examinations designed to show how quickly and efficiently his eyes can focus and refocus.

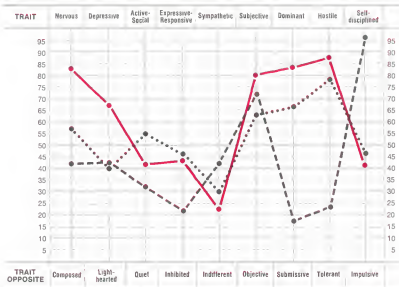
Beausay has more dandies. If racing drivers don't sound exactly stable, consider football linebackers and defensive



# NICE GUYS FINISH OFF THE CHART

Called the *Taylor-Johnson Temperament Analysis Profile*, the graphs tell all: linebackers (solid red line) score high in nerves, dominance, hostility. *Indy race*

starters (dotted line) are withdrawn and almost as hostile. But distance runners (bars) are a different breed—composed, submissive and self-disciplined.



linemen. Beausay's profiles reveal that these men possess personality patterns that deviate even more. They are more nervous and depressed. Their profiles show that football's primary defenders are also more hostile, socially averse, insensitive and impulsive than the drivers.

This sort of situation is fine on the fields of sport, but what of the social side? Say a young woman was shopping for a mate, what should she do? Answer: Go for the quarterback every time. Despite a certain suspicion that they are all long-haired, arrogant playboys, the quarterbacks, says Beausay, are not all bad. "While they test almost as high in hostility as drivers and linebackers," he says, "it is for different reasons. It is because the quarterbacks are extreme perfection-

ists. Otherwise, they are a pretty cool bunch. They tend to be more lighthearted, free of themselves, compassionate and self-disciplined."

The all-time safest choice for reliable stability turns out to be distance runners. According to Beausay's profiles, they tend to be passive, compliant, tolerant and even more self-disciplined than the quarterbacks.

But what of Beausay himself, this snoop who prowls the sports scene with his middlesome 180-part quizzes, computer printout codes and charts and graphs? Is he intent upon proving that all the hotshot athletes are hopeless neurotics? Is nobody safe with Beausay?

With a couple of notable exceptions everybody is safe with the good doctor.

Beausay is a large and affable 42-year-old assistant professor currently working at the psychology department of Bluffton College in Ohio. He has a pretty wife, Milane, three athletically active sons and two daughters. Beausay takes to the pulpit only on rare occasions, but he is an ordained minister in the United Church of Christ. He also has a certificate in dental technology and a B.A. in psychology from Ohio State, an M.A. in counseling and a Ph.D. in administration from Bowling Green. Drilling, quizzing or searching souls—those are the credentials for a man who likes to probe personalities.

The profile charts are part of a larger plan. Beausay is seeking an improvement of the breed. "The psychological aspect

robbins

of what produces a super athlete is an overlooked and yet highly valuable subject for study," says Beausay, a high school star whose own athletic development stopped in college well short of super. "I have no doubt that this knowledge also can help an average athlete to change himself into a superior one."

There are enough believers around the country to have hired Beausay to profile the personalities of more than 300 National Football League players, 100 motor racers, a wide assortment of pro and college basketball, football and hockey players, sky divers and even a women's semipro tackle-football team. "The girls tested out the same as their male counterparts," he says.

Beausay was first turned on to a study of the athletic psyche back in the early 1960s by Bill Glass, who played defensive end in the NFL, first with the Detroit Lions and later with the Cleveland Browns, where he was once rated All-Pro. The two met through a mutual friend and immediately started picking each other's brains. All his football life Glass had listened to coaches ascribe victory and defeat to whether or not a team was "up" for a particular game. "But never did I hear a coach define what 'up' meant or just how to attain that state," says Glass. "I decided to find out for myself. It was a difficult search because the only advice available on the subject was in books on salesmanship."

Enter Beausay. At dinner one night the psychologist and the defensive end were discussing the game that Glass would soon be playing against the New York Giants and their outstanding quarterback, Y. A. Tittle. Glass sought a method by which he could get prodigiously "up" for a busy afternoon of playing sack the quarterback. Beausay introduced the concept of autosuggestion.

"What is the chief obstacle you must overcome to get at Tittle?" Beausay recalls asking.

"The offensive tackle."

"How do you want to handle the offensive tackle?"

"I take a quick step across the line, throw him off and then shoot for Tittle."

Beausay distilled this description into an explosive three-word command—"Charge! Throw! Shoot!"—which Glass was to repeat to himself frequently during the preceding week and then during the game. The psychologist calls this Super Psyching. Neither Glass nor Beau-

say can now recall how often, if at all, Glass was able to shoot Tittle down when next they met across the line of scrimmage. But what did happen was that Glass soon became a master of this psychological pep pill, popping it in many forms.

"I would lie on my bed before a game and imagine that I had pulled down a motion picture screen and was watching a film of myself in action, constantly getting past the offensive tackle," says Glass. "This was putting positive pictures into my subconscious—in the same way that performing well in a real game would have done—and it built up my confidence."

When the tape cassette came into popular use Glass would record a series of commands on tape and play them back continuously during game weeks. A typical Glass-to-Glass taped Super Psyching might go something like this: "When the ball is snapped you are going to CHARGE. You are going to charge across the line of scrimmage and PURSUE, PURSUE, PURSUE. You are going to pursue for 40, 50 and 60 yards until you make the tackle or until the whistle blows." Always the trigger word would be "charge." The belief was that when repeated on the field it would activate the taped instructions buried in the Glass subconscious.

Glass' most successful tape job was done prior to the Browns-Washington Redskins game on the opening weekend of the 1966 season. The game was in Washington and the temperature was an enervating 105°. To offset the heat, the message that Glass fed into his tape cassette was that heat was beautiful and that it kept the muscles loose. But best of all, the heat would help Glass because he was now psychologically programmed to use it, while his opponents, in their ignorance, would dissolve into sweat-soaked exhaustion. During the game, while all around him seemed to blur in slow motion, Glass charged through and shot for the quarterback, Sonny Jurgensen, like a man possessed (which, of course, he was). The Browns won 38-14 and it is generally agreed around Cleveland that this was just about the finest game of Glass' outstanding career.

Bill Beausay was often an enthralled spectator at these violent testimonials to the effectiveness of Super Psyching. "It was incredible," he recalls. "Bill Glass, a completely warm, outgoing and friend-

ly guy, ceased to be a human being. He played like a carefully programmed machine. It really got me interested in the psychology of athletes, especially so because I soon discovered that little testing had been done on them."

Beausay started out in Gasoline Alley at Indianapolis during time trials for the 500 in 1968, talking with the drivers and even wandering through the stands, trying to figure out why spectators turned out in such huge droves just for the time trials. He decided to make Indy his first major testing ground. With tips provided by Astronaut Neil Armstrong, a boyhood friend, on the personality tests used by NASA, plus some insights offered by Dr. Robert Taylor, co-author of the Taylor-Johnson Temperament Analysis Profile, Beausay returned to Indy during the 1969 time trials. This time he was armed with the 180-question Taylor-Johnson test and the blessings of Indy's medical director, Dr. Thomas A. Hanna.

That first year Beausay ran tests on 35 drivers—17 went on to qualify for the starting grid and 18 did not. All the starters showed in their personality profiles an unusually high level of hostility and impulsiveness, traits that would seem a bit dicey to ride with through the crowded, high-speed furor of the Indy race. Beausay also found it significant that in every one of nine listed characteristics, the 17 who qualified for the race were, as a group, from five to 10 degrees further removed from what could be described as average disposition than the 18 men who didn't make the lineup. The conclusion seemed inescapable that it was the extra hostility and aggressiveness that got the starters into the race.

Beausay was back again in 1970 for further testing, and the results served to confirm his earlier findings. Then, in 1971, he was on hand with a lineup of complex eye-testing equipment, at which time he discovered that many of the drivers had questionable peripheral vision. In the vital matter of how quickly the eyes could focus and refocus on different objects, they scored lower than athletes from other sports. The driver average on the number of focal points on which the eyes could focus during a period of one second was 2.3. The mark for the 50 major league baseball players Beausay has tested is 2.9 and the champ eye-baller of all is Chuck Ealey, the former University of Toledo quarterback now starring in Canada (SI, Dec.

*continued*



### "Hero worship"

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That elegant straight-8



11, 1972), who scored a phenomenal 4.6.

The idea, for Beausay, is to transform all this data into something pragmatic. This is where he claims to differ sharply from the more widely known teams of Bruce Ogilvie and Thomas Tutko, who also have conducted hundreds of personality tests on athletes (SL Jan. 18, 1971). "My purpose is to help the individual athlete improve performance through knowledge of his own psychology and how to get the most of it," claims Beausay. "Ogilvie and Tutko have made a hat I think is the mistaken choice of aligning themselves too closely with coaches and owners, which puts the emphasis more on manipulation."

Ogilvie and Tutko, in fact, are the authors of a book entitled *Problem Athletes and How to Handle Them* and their surveys done for numerous NFL clubs have so irritated the players that their Players Association has called for a ban on all psychological testing. Several players also have suggested that there is a far greater need for a book entitled *Problem Coaches and How to Handle Them*.

The methods used by Beausay to improve the breed are wondrously various and some even contain an element of risk—for Beausay. He once punched a Toronto Argonaut center squarely in the mouth in a dramatic attempt to suddenly raise his low hostility quotient so that the center would fire out at the opposing middle linebacker. The center might easily have preferred to fire out at Beausay. The psychologist also claims to have discovered the key to success for a punter on the New Orleans Saints—who scored low on hostility—when he found out that the man went partially berserk when pinched. An assistant coach was instructed to give the kicker's cheeks a sharp, painful squeeze just as he was being sent into the game. The autosuggestion method via tape recorder, a la Bill Glass, is still a Beausay favorite to help an athlete overcome an inconvenient Mr. Nice Guy tendency. Another is a form chart he uses with athletes who score low in persistence, as determined in a test Beausay has devised himself. "It teaches a guy to set goals for himself," he says. "That's important because a guy without goals is usually too complacent to succeed."

Overly complacent subjects are asked to fill out four boxes on the chart. In the first box they record what goals they would like to reach during the coming season or year. In the second box they

continued

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list the various methods they plan to use to achieve those goals. In the third box, they sketch out a proposed timetable. The fourth is the evaluation box. When the season is over and the chips have fallen, they must look back and decide whether they made good on preseason predictions or just fell flat on their faces.

"If a person sticks to that process," claims Beausay, "there is almost nothing he can't do. The issue becomes not 'can I,' but 'will I.' I use it myself."

Beausay now is working on some ingenious training devices to improve visual efficiency, principally for quarterbacks. He is putting together a slide show that depicts what a quarterback might see as he peers downfield for a receiver. On each slide a receiver and a defender are pictured in a different one-on-one situation. As the slides flash briefly on the screen the quarterback must call out whether he would throw or not throw in each situation. Sometimes distracting lights flash off and on to one side, or taped crowd noises roar in his ears. This

is a device thought capable of demonstrating whether or not a quarterback is a risk taker or too cautious, as well as training his eye and his mind to act quickly in unison under game conditions.

Not long ago, after studying his research, Beausay forwarded to the brass at Indy a plan he thinks would do much to improve the track's accident record. "Right now the cars are too jammed up at the start and so those drivers who squeeze ahead to improve their starting positions cause accidents that can wreck the race," he says. "What this means is that drivers are being penalized for demonstrating the very quality—impulsiveness—that makes them successful."

"My suggestion is to imprint a highly visible grid pattern over the start-finish straight, pair the cars in rows of two instead of three, and station plenty of marshals along the track at the start who could, with the aid of the grid, easily determine who is trying to sneak up. A one-lap penalty would be assessed for each infraction. I think all drivers should also

be given an eye test that simulates dynamic race conditions, not just some lettered chart, and that each driver should go through visual efficiency training. After all, things are happening out there at 200 miles per hour now. It's vital to have something better than just normal perception." So far the Indy brass has taken Beausay's suggestion calmly.

Beausay even sees potential rejuvenation for those passive Maquetteists of sport, the runners. "It's surprising how low a person like Dave Wottle, the Olympic 800-meter champion, as well as other distance runners, score on such things as hostility and self-confidence," says Beausay. "Most runners seem to be passive, submissive followers. But once you know the profile you can work with them to develop more aggressiveness and stronger self-confidence. The research is still continuing and someday we are going to have runners with the race driver's psychic attitude. When that happens I predict that the world mile record will come down a full 10 seconds." **END**

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*Leading the assault on UCLA is David Thompson.*

# DAVID GOES AFTER GOLIATH

by CURRY KIRKPATRICK

**I**f it is possible to begin a college basketball season without raising hosannas to Bill Walton and his UCLA Bruins? Well, no. So here's to Bill—Kick him in the knee, rah, rah, rah. Sting him with a bee, sus, boom, buh—and to Coach Johnny Wooden and all the other Bruins on the 10th anniversary of the origins of their reign. May they have no more.

May they, rather, appear as cameos in the following scenario: On Dec. 1 in Los Angeles Tom McMillen puts down his Kierkegaard. Lefty Driesell punches a hole in his locker and Maryland defeats UCLA. On Dec. 15 in St. Louis Tom Burleson knocks his head on a rafter, David Thompson scores 400 points and North

Carolina State defeats UCLA. In February Bobby Jones makes a shot of over three feet, Dean Smith substitutes 15 men at one time and North Carolina has beaten both Maryland and North Carolina State on the way to winding up an undefeated regular season. In March the Atlantic Coast Conference concludes its most successful year ever as four teams are put on probation for embezzlement and two are suspended for mail fraud. Finally, at the NCAA tournament in Greensboro, UCLA is dethroned once and for all by the ACC. As Coach Tates Locke waves his whip and chair, hush puppies cascade from the rafters and 15,000 overalled dung shovellers shout their school's frantic slogan, "I-P-I-A-Y, I-P-I-A-Y [I Pay 20 a Year]." Clemson wins the championship.

Perhaps that moment next spring when the NCAA title is decided in the Carolina pines will not be the end of the UCLA tyranny. Maybe, instead, it will come earlier against archrival Southern Cal or Oregon or Stanford, young teams waiting with bared teeth at the Bruins' own conference. It might even end against Notre Dame, the team that last beat the Bruins back there in, what was it, 1918? and may remember how to do it again if husky freshman Adrian Dantley can make the starting lineup. But if history be a guide, when UCLA falls it just as likely could be the Atlantic Coast Conference that will be there waiting.

Despite the swollen claims of supremacy generated by the ACC's own publicity organs and, conversely, the mocking derision the conference receives from professional skeptics, Southern Cal's Bob Boyd says, "As a group our little teams in the Pac. Eight year in and year out would kick the ACC's rear end"—the truth lies somewhere between.

Wherever that is, it must be conceded that for colorful teams, imaginative coaches, smart players, kinky incidents, blatant outrages, spectacular coat-and-tie getups, enthusiasm, noise, old-fashioned bitterness and downright exciting basketball, top-to-bottom the Atlantic Coast Conference leads them all.

Let us dispense with the simple facts that during the 20 years the conference has been in existence with its postseason tournament, only 13 times has the regular-season champion (and best team) escaped double jeopardy and won the

tournament, that of those 13 teams, only 10 were eligible for the NCAA tournament (North Carolina State was on probation in 1955, 1959 and again last year), and that of those 10, nine won the Eastern regional while nothing short of a four-overtime defeat stopped the 10th (Clemson beat N.C. State 79-78 in 1956).

Let us toss off the statistics showing that since 1962 the ACC has won the Eastern regional and advanced to the Final Four eight times (more than any other league except the Pac Eight, where UCLA has been the representative 10 times). And that in the four years the ACC did not win the East, it may have been because the regular-season champion (and best team) did not even go, i.e., last March when N.C. State sat home again while Maryland advanced and, with Center Len Elmore playing on one foot, lost to Providence.

Let us not even mention the past appearances on the national scene of four schools located within a 90-mile slice of North Carolina's Tobacco Road. Or the unbeaten 32-0 North Carolina team of 1957. Or the All-Americans and the Top Ten teams. Or last year's symbolic achievement when at one point ACC teams were ranked two, three and four in the land.



*Mike Mints (top) is the man who feeds the Wolfpack*

Let us throw all of this away. What should be pointed out is how the ACC has guided for UCLA.

Though league representatives have twice lost to the Bruins in the NCAA finals (Duke in 1964 and North Carolina in 1968), which was the last team to beat UCLA in the Final Four? Which was the last team to get this...embarrass UCLA? It was an ACC representative on both counts. In 1962 Wake Forest defeated the Bruins for national third place. And in 1965 Duke beat UCLA back-to-back 82-66 and 94-75, which means that during one lost weekend in Carolina the Bruins lost as many out-of-league games as they have in the seven years since. Indeed, against UCLA the ACC is 3-5. USC's Bob Boyd is 2-14.

All of this, along with \$12.95, will get you a piece of beef jerky down at the grocery when UCLA starts truckin' again this winter. But it is interesting to note that if anybody in any one year has been prepared to stop the Bruins' ritual slaughter it is the ACC in 1973-74.

First there will be those early-season clashes between UCLA and Maryland and North Carolina State that should provide opportunities for action and not just talk. Then there will be the Eastern regionals and the NCAA finals to be held



*Forever Tom Burleson gets the ball for State*

*continued*

## David and Goliath

in the ACC strongholds of Raleigh and Greensboro. In between will appear players, plans and possibilities galore.

At Maryland, besides McMillen and Linsome and the omniscient Dinesell, there is John Lucas, the best left-handed black tennis player in college (and one of the best basketball players in backcourt). He steadies a dangerous, veteran lineup.

At North Carolina State there are the tall Tom Burleson and tiny Monte Towse, who will move in lockstep with several burly forwards and a couple of talented junior-college transfers as the Wolfpack attempts to duplicate its 27-0 record of last year.

At North Carolina, joining the splendid Olympian Jones and Mitch Kupchak of the World University Games team, there are tall and able Ed Stahl and the best freshman class in school history, including a fellow named Walter Davis who is destined, says one coach given to superlatives, "for instant superstardom."

At Virginia and Wake Forest there are Wonderful Wally Walker, back from the deck of the Cuban brawl in the World University Games, and Tony Byers, a smooth and serpentine operator in the pro mold.

At Clemson there is a new 7-footer, Wayne Rollins of Cordele, Ga., who turned his back on Kentucky among others just to play in the ACC. And at Duke there are some old (tradition), some new (Coach Neill McGeachy), some borrowed (time) and a lot of blue.

Above all, in the ACC and the state of North Carolina there is hope, and from the dusty potholes off Route 150 out of Boiling Springs to Room 206D of Sullivan Hall on the North Carolina State campus hard by the capitol, hope is David Thompson (see cover).

His name is just David Thompson. Mostly, just David. Unlike other paragons of truth, beauty, virtue and the 42-inch vertical leap, there are no snappy nicknames or capitalized initials for headlines' sake. No Dazzlin' Daves or Titanic Thompsons. Just David. Oh, the North Carolina State publicity office thought it over a few times, but nothing seemed to fit. Then there were the fans who shouted to him down at the Georgia football game in Athens—they called him "Dr. Rise,"—but that passed, too. Happily.

As his littlest teammate, Tony Byers, "When basketball people around the country say David, everybody knows who they mean." Thompson himself acknowledges the simplicity. "I don't need any other names. David is enough."

It would be nice to report that David did not become the exiguous player he is by emerging from poverty as so many black athletes have. But he did begin this way. He was the youngest of 11 children and he started school a year early because his family was too busy picking cotton to watch over him. He sang in the church choir, played with goldfish in the graveyard pond, helped his father build a modest house with his bare hands and practiced the proper things with the basketball on a red clay court long after the stars had come out. His home is at the end of a rutted dirt lane that winds around a cemetery halfway between Boiling Springs and the mill town of Shelby in the western part of the state. His father Vellie is 61 years old, a janitor who works the late shift down at the fibers plant; his mother scrubs the floors at Shelby High School.

Two brothers and two sisters still live

at home, but there are always more people than that around to tax the environs. The house is not complete. Neither are all the cars out front—only the flowers are. Mrs. Ida Thompson somehow finds time to indulge her touch on the planters and trellises that fill the yard. Botanical splendor thrives amid indigence. Towse calls David "our flower child."

Vellie Thompson is a deacon at the Maple Springs Baptist Church. "Chairman of deacons," he says. He raised his children to respect the Lord and defer to elders. When guests came over, David was ushered to his room; he did not ever talk much to strangers or anybody else. When his brother wanted to use David's ball to play with other friends, David gave up the ball. Then he ran away to hide and cry.

After school consolidation in 1967 young Thompson played on the jayvee at Crest High School up the highway. He was called Wead by his schoolmates—not out of any respect for his academic standing but simply because David had a large pate (the nickname has not survived in Raleigh). David rejected a bid by Coach Ed Peeler to come up with the varsity that first year, but in his sophomore season he started on the big team and scored a lot of points. Still, his shy modesty was painful to behold. When the older players felt he was hogging the ball, David gave it up again. When his father told him to never mind and keep shooting, David did that, too. "He took courage and went on," Vellie says.

Peeler does not remember "more than a few words" out of Thompson for the next three years. When the recruiters started coming around, this became a problem. Eddie Biedenbach, the assistant coach at N.C. State, says the first few times he went to the Thompson home he never got past the screen door. David came out. Biedenbach talked; David listened. Norman Sloan, the Wolfpack head coach, says that when he met David the youngster said so little Sloan was positive Thompson disliked him.

"I never meant to be rude," Thompson says, "but I don't really like to get close to people. If I don't know you I don't open up."

But David was kind, gracious, bright, cooperative, humble and just a prince of a young man. Typically, one of those vicious recruiting hassles that seem SOP



Dangerous Man (and is) stretched by Guard John Lucas



Tom McMillen was the *harp* player.

in the ACC resulted. North Carolina thought it had David all the way. Duke was around. Gardner-Webb, the school in Bowling Springs, moved in fast. N.C. State was always there, however. Thompson signed a grant-in-aid with Biedenbach in the parking lot of Crest High. Sloan kicked up his heels on a golf course when he heard the news.

"Looking at schools, I saw Tommy Burleson, you know 7'4", a nucleus and a guy who could get the ball," Thompson says. "Carolina didn't have a big man around. I figured at State I would have a good chance at the NCAA."

So it was judged harsh irony when an accumulation of small violations during the recruitment of Thompson and, ear-

lier, Burleson, got State a year's probation last season. (Duke, too, incurred a like penalty for actions involving Thompson.)

The Wolfpack was undaunted. And when State beat Carolina in December with the vastly improved Burleson taking all the rebounds and the gnomelike Towe controlling the contest even as Thompson was experiencing a bad night, the team knew how good it was.

On Super Bowl Sunday the whole world found out about Thompson. Playing at favored Maryland, he already had scored 35 points on an assortment of daring maneuvers and marvelous shots inside and out. With the score tied at 85 he broke from the corner and glided up the foul lane. Suddenly he was in position under the basket as Burleson fired away in the dying seconds. The shot bounced off the front rim, but all alone up there, almost too high to get into the TV picture, was Thompson. He had done his rise routine with hardly anyone aware of it, he simply hung up there for awhile, grabbed the ball as it came off the iron, cradled it and dropped it in for victory.

It was a breathtaking move by a man barely 6'4" but one surely typical of his spectacular yet controlled flowing style of play the year long. Thompson went home to his dirt court at the end of the school year and reappeared last summer in Moscow as the absolute star-spangled hero of the U.S. victory over Russia in the World Games.

By this time it was not stretching credibility to note that a 19-year-old junior could actually be a combination of Oscar Robertson and Julius Erving, at once casual and cataclysmic. An ABA coach refers to Thompson's "joy in playing the game, the ability to lose himself in the team concept and make everyone around him better." A rival college coach says Thompson "plays 6'11". If anybody can keep a team in the game with Walton and UCLA this is the guy."

What Thompson does, really, is play within himself, never wasting effort or abandoning intelligence. This restraint sometimes appears to mirror (and may be a result of) his cautious personality off the court. He looks to be hiding his true skills as one might conceal strong, violent feelings.

"David is so much better than everyone else he must get bored easily," says

North Carolina's Jones. "Yet he never plays bored. He does just enough to get the job done at his own pace. You can't stop him; he can only stop himself. Sometimes I think he is teasing us, playing down or something. The first time we played him he made a beauty, and I said 'nice shot.' He turned, smiled and said 'thank you.' I think he might have winked."

All last season, which Thompson went through encumbered by tape supporting torn cartilage in his right knee, critics referred to his lack of lateral motion, an erratic dribble and careless shooting judgment. Now his knee is repaired, he is moving freely, running better, playing defense better, driving with abandon, jumping higher. (Tom Heinsohn of the Celtics says, "On a scale of five we rate Thompson's outside shooting 10.") Also, at 19 he is just starting to fill out. He is heavy-boned and has gained 10 pounds since last season. He is up to 200 even.

"I got pushed around last year," he says. "I'd jump for a rebound and end up way out from under the basket after the bruisers got through with me. Now I feel I'm a lot stronger. I can hold my own. I'm going to be poppin' some."

continued

Tom Thompson plays aggressively and smoothly.



## David and Goliath



North Carolina's all-time leading scorer, Bobby Jones, has splendid stories around the basket.

As good as Thompson is, the Wolfpack would not be a force without the blending talents of the huge Burleson and the miniature Towe, both of whose services were in doubt not too long ago. Burleson had been arrested for breaking into a pinball machine and his eligibility was in question until he was let off with a \$100 fine. (Now he is kidded as "Tall Tom Dillinger" by some teammates.) Towe, on the other hand, was of such small stature (5' 3½") that Sloan once advised a friend who recommended the dwarfish one to the Wolfpack, "You got the wrong team. It's Florida State that runs a circus."

Currently, however, with a giant, a midget and master of the midway, N.C. State is the one under the big top.

The Atlantic Coast Conference has become college basketball's foremost carnival due largely to the efforts of, appropriately, another N.C. State ringmaster. His name was Everett Case and he arrived in Raleigh as head coach in 1946. Back home in Indiana, Case had never played the game but had been an admired

high school coach at the age of 18. Even then he recruited tough, it was said as Case moved from town to town he transferred the good studs with him.

Case was suave and sophisticated. He bought his clothes in Chicago, had them tailored in New York and vacationed in Las Vegas. He owned a lucrative restaurant chain and scored heavily in the stock market. But he quickly became a folk hero among the dirt farmers of eastern North Carolina because he recruited exciting players, coached a fast-break style and competed and won against the best teams in America.

Case had a strategist's mind and a promoter's heart. He originated tournaments—the Drive Classic with the "Big Four" colleges in the state playing against four outsiders. He forced the construction of enormous Reynolds Coliseum to be completed. He treated the rival teams in nearby Chapel Hill and Durham like junkyard hounds.

In his first 10-year period at State, Case won six Southern Conference tournaments, three ACC tournaments and six

Drive Classics. During that time his teams never won fewer than 24 games in a season and several times the Wolfpack was ranked No. 1 in the country.

Unmarried, unfettered by hobbies or responsibility, Case lived a golden time in Raleigh. He entertained coaches and writers into the wee hours at his large house in Cameron Village. He employed houseboys and had five apartment-style units installed for visiting friends. He initiated parties, was known to take a cocktail now and then and enjoyed full celebrity status.

Then, in 1960, it was over. On a December night, as Case watched nervously from the bench, his Wolfpack mysteriously blew a 26-point lead against Georgia Tech and barely escaped defeat. No State team had ever collapsed like that before. Case smelled a rat, and he was right. When the scandals hit, they broke him. He was never the same, and in 1966, mercifully, he died, leaving most of an estate of half a million dollars to be divided among his players. The trapped ones. He asked to be buried on a hill overlooking Route 70 where his team would always pass to play Duke. "I want to be where I can wave goodbye," he said.

What Case had established was enthusiasm and a fanatical interest in college

continued



Young Ed Smith never made it to the Tarheels.





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## David and Goliath *continued*

basketball. He forced the Big Four campuses to match him. After State had defeated Carolina 15 straight times, the Chapel Hill school brought Frank McGuire down from St. John's in 1952. McGuire immediately established his underground railroad from New York, and his Gotham street kids beat Case's Hoosier farm boys the first time the teams met. It took McGuire only five more years, in fact, to groom his team to go all the way to the national championship.

In 1957 the Tar Heels were led by Lennie Rosenbluth, whom Case had run off from a tryout camp a few years earlier. They also had a Kearns, a Cunningham, a Quigg and a Brennan, and by their defeat of Kansas and Wilt Chamberlain in Kansas City they threw the college game into a melting pot. "I never thought I'd see the day when the state of North Carolina sat up all night to watch four Micks and a Jew chase a black man across the stockyards," one man said.

That year Carolina completed what still may be the most memorable season a college team ever had. The Tar Heels won 24 games away from home. They won four overtime games. They won 13 games by fewer than 10 points. They finished the year by defeating Michigan State in the NCAA semifinals in three overtimes and Kansas in the finals in another three. Governor Luther Hodges sat on the bench; his constituents watched on TV at home in ecstasy.

When the team returned to North Carolina hours later 10,000 people were there, and the Raleigh-Durham airport just about collapsed. Now McGuire was king of the state. Though both sides deny it, this meteoric rush undoubtedly fostered the feuds, fights, name-calling and antagonistic resentments that have marked the Carolina-State series to this day and created bitter battlegrounds all through the ACC.

N.C. State was on probation and Carolina was soon to arrive there as Case and McGuire fought for power. On occasion the two coaches would meet for Sunday chats, but this relationship was mostly for show. The acting president of the state university system once had to call them together and reprimand them "for trying to tear the system apart."

McGuire began to lose his miss support in 1959 when he pulled his starters in the final of the ACC tournament and



*Mitch Kupchak, North Carolina's other big man, made the World University Games team.*

let season co-champion State rout the Tar Heels 80-56. With State on probation, Carolina was already assured of an NCAA tournament berth. McGuire said, "The game didn't mean anything." In 1961, this time with his own champion Tar Heels on probation, McGuire again thumbled his nose at Case by declining to play in the ACC tournament at all. It was his final act as coach. McGuire left Chapel Hill that spring.

Into the 1960s the scandals forced cutbacks in the athletic programs at State and Carolina. There was a rush to fill the vacuum. Bones McKinney, who had been a famous player at both state schools, took over as coach down the road at Wake Forest and constructed a fine team on the burly shoulders of Len Chappell, Vic Bubas, who had been a player and assistant under Case, switched to Duke. He brought in Art Heyman and Jeff Mullins and finished in the top 10 six years in a row. Later Dean Smith, who had resurrected the sport at Chapel Hill, had a run of three straight Eastern cham-

pionships. McGuire resurfaced at South Carolina with John Roche and other New York characters right out of *A Clockwork Orange*. Lefty Driesell came into Maryland recruiting his heart out, and he got McMullen away from Smith in the recruiting *course célèbre* of the decade. Sloan, another player under Case at N.C. State, hurried back to his alma mater. In 1968 he beat Duke 12-10 and then nudged his way past Smith and Driesell by landing Burleson and Thompson. The battles were joined all over again.

Today with more and better players, regal indoor stadiums, vast recruiting budgets and promotional brochures that publicize everything but the players' favorite uppers, the ACC is more brutal than ever. Very few head coaches leave the ACC to work elsewhere. "It would be like going to the minors," says McKinney.

Ammosities linger. Clemson's Tates Locke once told his players of Driesell, "Just get me to the last two minutes even and I'll outcoach this SOB from there."

*continued*

Smith and Driesell should not be invited to the same party. Smith and Sloan should not be invited to the same city.

"We aren't little boys running around sticking our tongues out," says one coach. But too often the pressures, stakes, egos and conceits of trying to stay ahead make them act like boys.

Solid citizens are not immune to such feelings. One of N.C. State's leading contributors regularly calls a Raleigh radio talk show and publicly refers to Smith as Nickel Nose. "I have to laugh," says Smith. "I didn't think State guys were that clever." Around the league Sloan's past transgressions into the realm of fury are cited and he is called Stormy Normy, the Human Panic.

Graduates of the four North Carolina schools live, work and play next door to each other. When a man's team loses at night, he loses at the office the next morning. Even children become pawns.

Last Christmas Eve, as Sloan was leaving candlelight services, he was stopped by a State alumnus who introduced him to a 9-year-old boy, an ardent Carolina fan. Peace and love were in the air. *Silent Night* could be heard from inside the church. As Sloan reached out his hand the boy shrank back in horror. "Ugh," he said, "I don't even want to touch you."

It is into this atmosphere that the national tournament will come next March. If anything has a chance to pull the ACC together in common bond, probably it is the prospect of one of its teams defeating UCLA. Maybe Maryland can do it. Perhaps North Carolina can. Inevitably, N.C. State has the best chance.

As Burleson says, the Wolfpack can succeed if he plays Bill Walton "medium" and David Thompson has a "super" game. Towse says anytime you have Thompson on your side you have an advantage, that against UCLA David will be terrific.

A few days ago Assistant Coach Biedenbach was showing the ACC highlight film to an audience of students on the State campus. The movie showed Towse spinning like a yo-yo, Thompson ramming through defenders and Burleson towering over everybody. Afterward, one loud loudly asked, "How you goin' to stop Walton?"

The whole room turned and looked up, up at Burleson. Then it exploded in laughter. Except that the man next to Burleson did not laugh. His name was David. Just David. He winked.

## **He Just May Be The Baddest Ever**

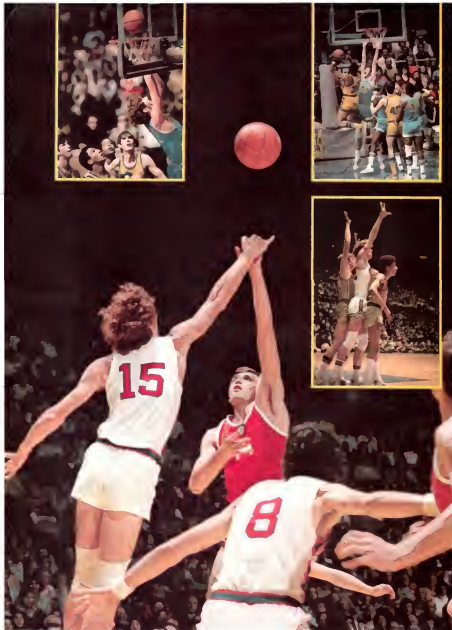
His tendinitis-inflamed knees will still require ice packs and heating pads. His allergic reactions to a minor bee sting while bicycling last summer caused collapse, a rush to the hospital by ambulance and heavy injections of an antitoxin ("It could have been fatal," said the doctor). Then, on the first day of practice last month, the final humiliation: his coach made him get a haircut. Nevertheless, the young man on the opposite and following page who is defending, passing, swooping in and looking out over all of college basketball remains an ode to excellence in his sport. As the street rhetoric so often used to describe him has it: "The Redhead, he be the baddest ever."

Four years ago Denny Crum, now coach of Louisville but at the time assistant to John Wooden at UCLA and the team's chief recruiter, returned from a scouting trip in the San Diego area. "Coach," he told Wooden, "I've just seen the greatest high school prospect ever." Wooden reminded Crum that he had scouted Lew Alcindor in New York. "Yeah," Crum said, "but this kid is better." Wooden quietly turned toward his office and said, "Come inside—and close the door."

Bill Walton is not the kind of player anybody, even John Wooden, could hide for long. Last season he led UCLA to its seventh consecutive national championship, its ninth in the last 10 years, its 75th straight victory over 2½ seasons. He has participated in 60 of those games, and last March in No. 60, when he made 21 of 22 shots and scored 44 points against Memphis State as UCLA won the championship again, the accolades peaked and held. High-toned praise was no longer necessary, it seemed: companions with other historical denizens of the college game no longer valid. Kurland? Mikan? Russell? Gola? Chamberlain? Robertson? Lucas? Bradley? Maravich? Alcindor? Where have all the laurel wreaths gone?

Having been offered kings' ransoms to leave school and join a professional team, Walton demurred. Instead he remained at UCLA, and next week he begins his final season as an undergraduate. This time he has David Thompson, North Carolina State, the Atlantic Coast Conference, the entire NCAA and every campus hotshot out to get him. He has the alltime record for field-goal percentage easily within reach. And he has the opportunity to become the first man to lead his team through three years of college basketball to 90 victories. Can he? Probably, because the Redhead may just be the baddest ever.





# THE TOP TWENTY



ILLUSTRATIONS BY ED RUNK '80

Here they stand, on pedestals. The wonder is that there are not two to a column, so packed has the elite of college basketball become. To those who have followed the game over the past few eons, it is no surprise that UCLA again is the choice. What does come as a shocker is that the old Bruin assistant, Denny Crum, now head coach of Louisville (rated sixth), thinks that any of 10 teams can lay hold to the title this year. There is solid reason for this judgment: Competition is stiffer than before and so are the schedules of the major colleges, including UCLA's. As scouting reports on the fol-

lowing pages show, not only are high schools sending up bigger and better-trained players, but an ever-increasing number of coaches are stressing conditioning. Where once it was hard to find 20 logical contenders, it is now difficult to limit the choice to 30. Fanning over the country to weigh the teams' chances are Curry Kirkpatrick on the Pacific Coast; Barry McDermott, Mike DelNagro and Susan Adams in the South; Kent Honnon, Larry Keith and Don Delliquanti in the Midwest and Southwest; Jim Kaplan and Angel Reyes in the East; and, for the small colleges, William White.

CONTINUED

## Scouting continued



UCLA

**1** In the interest of public service and to keep attention focused on all aspects of the situation, here-with a scouting report on the UCLA student managers past and present. Bob Marcucci, who did the honors during the tenure of Lewis Kareem, was fast with a towel but could not handle warmup jackets. He always took them one at a time. George Morgan, now a Marine based at nearby Camp Pend-

leton, accomplished chores for the Wicks-Rowe teams and never missed a play or a pun. Les Friedman, who toiled during Bill Walton's first two years and is now in law school, was quick to the chairs but had no left hand. Now Friedman's brother Len, a junior and the new head manager, shows the most potential of the bunch. All he has to do is cut his greens and keep his proper silence.

Eating greens and keeping silent have become uppermost in the minds of the Bruins since they went out the back door of the Arena in St. Louis last spring with their seventh straight national championship. Recently Greg Lee, the senior guard, sold his teammates, notably Walton and Andre McCarter, on the joys of vegetarianism. Walton in turn has seriously taken up Transcendental Meditation. He called a team meeting to convert the players and even Coach John Wooden attended a meditation session. This togetherness, however, did not prevent the two from having it out over Walton's hair length. "When you're under a dictatorship, you do what the boss wants," says Walton. "I even had to get

it cut twice. I may be an anarchist, but I'm no dummy."

The Bruins likewise do not lack for smarts in preparation for defense of the title. To replace Forward Larry Farmer there is 6'8" Junior Dave Myers, who came on like a caged savage last year, he can shoot, move and jump through ceilings. Splintery Pete Trgovich gets first crack at the wing spot vacated by Larry Hollyfield, but it is likely that Lee, an outstanding passer, and the occasionally brilliant sophomore McCarter will see more action there. Both have abandoned the point, according to the superiority of Tommy (TC) Curtis who, in his yapping, bowlegged way, is running the offense better than ever.

Walton and The Splendid Silkmans. Keith Wilkes, who must be the most underrated player in college, will fit the post positions fairly well in their final season together while sophomore Ralph Drolinger and freshmen Richard Washington, Gavin Smith and Marques Johnson wait offstage. "This is the best team I've ever been on," says Lee. Yes, but the manager is a rookie.



NORTH CAROLINA STATE

**2** If you have most everybody back, except maybe a cheerleader or two, from a team that last year went 27 and zip, won a conference title, a couple of tournaments and the hearts of thousands, then obviously what you should be practicing is how to defend that congratulatory phone call from the White House.

But North Carolina State is doing no such thing. It may have David Thomp-

son, the man who beat the Russians last summer, and Monte (Captain Crazy) Towe and Tom Burleson, who always can find work as an elevator in a Raleigh skyscraper, but the Wolfpack also has rampant caution. As Burleson puts it, rather without imagination, "We're going to play them one game at a time."

That means North Carolina State is not ready to say it is better than You Know Who, a question that will be partially resolved when YKW and N.C. State go halfway across the country to meet each other in St. Louis on Dec. 15. That game, some say, will be for the real 1973 NCAA championship, a little plum the Wolfpack was not allowed to reach for last season because it was on a year's probation for recruiting violations.

The nucleus of the team is Thompson, the man with the jet-assisted takeoff. David is flying higher than ever this year, thanks to an off-season knee operation, and he is a guided missile. It is no secret that he disdained a pro contract for a crack at being No. 1.

About as important as Burleson, at 7'4" almost two feet taller than that

5'5½" rascal Towe. Monte could have posed for a Johnson & Johnson ad at times last season, wrapped as he was so often in swaddling bandages. Thompson may get the praise and Burleson may get the stares but the feisty Towe is the strut that keeps the Wolfpack's plane together and flying right.

Coach Norm Sloan does have a couple of problems. Besides finding a new wardrobe of neon clothing, he has to replace graduated Joe Cafferky in the backcourt and Rick Holdt up front. Junior-college transfer Moe Rivers will move in at guard if he can learn the nuances of Wolfpack strategy. If not, Mark Moeller will do. And Tim Stoddard, who hit 48½' from the floor as a sophomore last season, complements Thompson at forward with another transfer, Phil Spence, and with Steve Naze filling in at forward or center. "We were good last year," says Towe. "We'll be better this year." That means State should survive the perils of the Atlantic Coast Conference where both North Carolina and Maryland will be better, too, but as for that national crown, will better be good enough?

CONTINUED





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## Scouting *continued*



INDIANA

**3** The young couple smuggling under the covers of a bed outside Indiana University's Assembly Hall should, logically, have been posing for a local version of *Jocelyn Heatherton's* *Santa "Perfect Sleeper"* mattress ad. However, when the two could be parted for a question they revealed that student basketball tickets were to go on sale in six days and they wanted to be first in line.



NOTRE DAME

**4** Notre Dame was a young team last year, laden with sophomores and juniors who seemed, early on, to resemble the 6-20 losers of the season before. But despite a 1-6 start they came on like banishes. Center John Shumate had spells when nothing went up that did not go in. Forward Gary Novak became very defensive and Guard Dwight Clay ran the offense superbly. After two-point

With fans like these and players like theirs, the Indiana Hoosiers, who had UCLA puffing in the NCAA semifinals last year, should again be first in line in the Big Ten. Beyond that, it will be up to two individuals to fulfill the challenge of a sign hanging above the Assembly Hall's entrance. It reads: HOME OF THE BIG RED HORDE. BEAT UCLA.

One of the persons is Bobby Knight, the hot-tempered coach whose ingenious style has produced 39 victories in two seasons, the other is freshman Kent Benson, the auburn-haired center who chose Indiana over 300 other schools and who may become a horde all by himself.

Benson is from Henry County, the locale of Ross Lockridge's *Rainier County*, and like most every other Indiana "Mr. Basketball" before him, he is accompanied by folklore. A brutish high school player, Benson in one game rammed in 55 points and seized 35 rebounds. He is both Catholic and a member of the highly Protestantized Fellowship of Christian Athletes; he ate 33 pieces of chicken at the 1971 state finals banquet, last summer he managed to

play basketball in Germany and still show beef cattle at the Indiana State Fair. At 6'10" and a slimmed-down 230 pounds, he can be as tough and mean on court as he is gentle off it.

Making sure Benson will be rough and ready for jealous opponents who will try to prove he made a mistake in going to Indiana is Scott May, a muscular 6'7" forward who has been all over Benson in practice. Scholastically ineligible as a freshman, May looks and plays more like Sidney Wicks than Benson resembles Bill Walton, which is the popular notion. The rest of the starting five—Forward Steve Green and Guards Jim Crews and Quinn Buckner—is as imperturbable. There is not a senior on the team, and John Laskowski and Bob Wilkerson head a list of reserves who all can and do play.

Pro scouts already recognize that what they see in a Bobby Knight player is what they get. He pushes his players to their limit and seldom leaves room for improvement. The Big Red Horde should be the scourge of the Midwest provided it gets by that Big Green Horde from over South Bend way.

losses to Indiana and Kentucky, the Irish apocalyptically earned an NIT berth with wins over Marquette, St. John's and South Carolina and nearly won the tournament with consecutive upsets of Southern Cal, Louisville and North Carolina before a last-second basket gave Virginia Tech the championship in overtime. "It's just as well," says smooth Gary Brokaw, one of five returning starters from the 18-12 team. "We know there's a lot more we can accomplish."

Notre Dame's turnaround under Coach Digger Phelps was not altogether unpredictable. Only three years ago Phelps was making miracles on Fordham's Rose Hill. Although he suffered grievously in his first season at South Bend, he installed a system and instilled pride in the team, and last year he got some honest-to-goodness players. Now he has some more, and for the first time under Phelps the Irish have depth and a more effective pressure defense.

Freshman Forwards Adrian Duntley and Billy Paterno, the best that Washington, D.C. and New Jersey could offer, will take lots of playing time if not start-

ing jobs from Pete Crotty and Novak. Another freshman, Ray Martin, looked comfortable at the point guard, so maybe nobody is safe.

Nobody except Shumate, the very physical 6'9" center who made 38 of 51 shots in the NIT and was the tournament's Most Valuable Player. Shu has occasionally overlooked the virtues of dedication, inspiration and perspiration. To motivate Shumate is Clay's job. "I just wasn't doing anything early last year," says Shumate, "and Dwight came up to me and said, 'Big Daddy, I don't care how many shots you miss, I'm going to keep bringing the ball to you because I know you can do it. You've got to do it.'" Not long afterward Big Daddy started doing it. He finished the year averaging 21 points and 12 rebounds per game, both team highs. "It's like this," says Clay, whose basket ended Marquette's 81-game home winning streak last year. "I keep Shu motivated and Digger motivates me."

Phelps is unabashedly turned on by the Golden Dome, under which the joy should be immense this year.

CONTINUED

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## Scouting by David



NORTH CAROLINA

**5** The quiet community of Chapel Hill is up to the tops of its pine trees in rumors, anticipation and good old-fashioned enthusiasm. What is it that Dean Smith is building in Carmichael Auditorium? Can the freshmen really spot the varsity 10 points?

The reason for the outbreak of gossiping fervor is that North Carolina has most of the components back from a

team that went 25-8 and finished third in the NIT last year, and it had the best recruiting year ever, bringing in half a dozen freshmen who look like the nearest finds in Carolina since the filter tip.

The neatest of the new bunch is a top banana named Walter Davis, a little under 6'5", but still a 6'5" wizard the home folks like to compare to David Thompson, down the road at North Carolina State. Davis is not that talented, but then who is? Still, he is too good to keep out of the lineup—that is if he can survive the hazing period Smith automatically imposes on newcomers. "We kind of like the freshmen to remember they're freshmen," he says.

The other newcomers will remember who they are simply because the veterans are so good. First off, there is Bobby Jones, who makes a habit of getting sneaky open. Jones does it so well that he made over 60% of his field-goal attempts his first two seasons. "And if there's a better defensive player in the country, I'd like to know who it is," says Smith.

Sophomore Mitch Kupchak and junior Ed Stahl will fight it out for another

inside spot. Both are big and strong, and Kupchak hit 60% of his shots and played in all 33 of the team's games as a freshman. In fact, the Tar Heels have such a lengthy list of good shooters that they have led the nation in field-goal accuracy the past two years.

North Carolina will have to fill in the backcourt, where the graduation of George Karl hurts the most. And, as usual, Smith plans to use several different lineups, including "big" and "little" models, running players in and out with the speed of an assembly line.

Even the schedule looks good. The Tar Heels travel outside the state limits on only four occasions, and one of those trips is against meek Biscayne.

One sour note in the concerto is the missing beat of talented Donald Washington. Last year he was injured, then he fell behind in his studies and could not make up the grades in summer school. Now he is out of school altogether and hoping to return next year. Even so the Tar Heels figure to win 20 games for the seventh time in the last eight years. And maybe win a few more.



LOUISVILLE

**6** For years, first as an assistant at UCLA, next as coach of Louisville, Denny Crum manipulated players. He needed them and played them, appeased them and sat them down, badgered them and juggled them. Then came last year's team with three sophomores and two juniors who had never started a varsity game. Crum was unmanipulating but hardly unhappy. "It was my most rewarding season," he says. The Cardinals beat NCAA runner-up Memphis State 83-69, won 23 games and, for the eighth straight time, appeared in a postseason tournament, this time the NIT.

Crum built that record on ice, a pogo stick and a neophyte—and each returns. The ice, Allen Murphy, averaged 16 points a game as a forward, shot a cool 52%, and was so quick that he always defended against guards. Bill Butler, the pogo stick, is the other forward and maybe the most intimidating one in college basketball. The last line of defense in Louisville's zone press, he will uncork under the basket to swat away shots two feet over the rim—and he is only 6'1".

In 16 games Butler led the Cardinals in scoring, rebounding or both. The neophyte is now a two-way junior, Junior Bridgeman by name. He so enjoyed his first season at guard that he made all-conference.

Bridgeman rejoins Terry Howard who after a slow start was voted the most valuable player in the Rainbow Classic even though Louisville placed second. Also on hand is reserve Phillip Bond, who used

to gum up scoring on both ends of the court but has been the leading percentage shooter in practice this fall.

Even with all this talent available, a freshman has been getting the loudest raves. Wesley Cox could be as magical to Louisville fans as the Derby. A two-time all-state selection from nearby Male High, he chose Louisville from the usual 5,000 colleges because, he said, he wanted his family to watch him play. While he or Ike Whitfield, a 6'8" junior-college All-America from California, could move into the three-man front line right away, Crum prefers to start Cox. At 6'5", he would make the average height under the boards only 6'3½" but Crum has concluded that smallness is not bad per se. Indeed, he has become a firm believer in little teams that can. He harbors special memories of the UCLA team in 1964. It did not start a player more than 6'5" tall and yet won the national title. Since then Crum has viewed enough championship races to speak with authority. "There are always 10 teams capable of winning the national title," he says. "Now we are one of them."

CONTINUED



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## Scouting



SAN FRANCISCO

**7** Willie McCovey is gone; John Brodie is going. Even Mayor Alviso wants out of San Francisco, preferring the governor's mansion in Sacramento. All the old boys seem to be leaving the city by the bay. But it is *saavy* boys that concern Boh Gaillard, the bright, mustachioed coach at USF: he needs them to start arriving. The Dons have won two straight WCAC titles almost entirely with play-

ers from within a radius of 15 miles of all those bridges. Now, with Jerry Tarkanian bringing his recruiting road show to league-member Las Vegas, Gaillard feels he must go national to keep up. "The City doesn't mean much to high school kids," he says. "If we recruited 25-year-olds, we'd rule the world."

Gaillard does well enough, this year the Dons have their best team since Bill Russell left to shoot hoops for Iowa. D-1 got a 5-5-4. Of USF's five defeats last year, two were to UCLA on the Bruins' court and two others were by a single basket. Gone from that team are Snake Jones and Mike Quick, whose outside shooting will be hard to replace. But the team does keep smooth Phil Smith, a senior who three years ago walked onto the campus unnoticed and without scholarship and became USF's best backcourt player since K.C. Jones. Smith is sneaky, deadpan, unselfish and still unnoticed—except in the box scores. The UCLA people consider him the best player they faced last year and he may be the first guard drafted by the pros. John Boro returns to play sixth man and shoot against

zones, and newcomer Russ Coleman is a pleasant surprise, but Quick's starting spot should go to 6'1" Tony Styles, a blur with the ball out of Iowa Central Community College who will take some pressure off Smith's bony shoulders.

In Kevin Restani and Eric Fernsten the Dons have up front two big men (they're both 6'9") who complement each other perfectly. Restani lacks fire and is slow, but he is an excellent shooter—pauze and a threat to score from anywhere. Fernsten does not score but he doesn't let anybody else do it, either. Depth prevails at the other corner where sophomores Howard Smith and Richard Johnson and multitalented freshman Jeff Randall are competing. Rebounder Smith looked good in preseason, but the 6'3" Johnson is a valuable swing man and Randall also will play a lot.

It is a confident, intelligent, close-knit group that Gaillard has assembled on The Hilltop—probably to play UCLA twice again (in the Bruin Classic and the NCAA regionals). Too bad. Gently flow the Dons, who otherwise might rage through the West.



MARYLAND

**8** Everybody knows about Maryland: crab cakes, Spiro and Ballermer Street. Now there is another spicy item. The Maryland basketball team is as tasty as a chef's delight; it can draw raves like a Broadway smash—and at times is as disappointing as bad burlesque.

True the Terps have twined opponents for 50 victories, an NIT championship and an NCAA berth in the last

two years, but somehow there were greater expectations. This could be the year of fulfillment.

Those super-sophs of a few years back are now superduper seniors. Tom McMillen should become the school's all-time scoring leader sometime this season, and his partner on the front line, Len Elmore, has recovered from a foot injury that crimped the team's style late last year. McMillen has put on weight, Elmore has taken some off, and that means a balanced diet that opponents should have difficulty digesting.

After a freshman debut that was simply sensational, floor leader John Lucas is looking to improve on the Terrapins' finish in the Atlantic Coast Conference. "I think the team will be closer together this year," says Lucas, who spent his summer "playing ball three times a day, morning, noon and night. It's a funny feeling not being on top. I've always been on top all my life."

For Maryland to get there, it will have to replace graduated Jim O'Brien and Bob Bodell. Junior Owen Brown was slated to fill O'Brien's wing spot. He is

quick and 6'8", but he injured a foot in preseason workouts and will not return until the very start of the season. McMillen has moved outside in the interim, allowing young Tom Roy a chance at a starting position down deep with Elmore. And Jap Trumble, who is experienced, will fill Bodell's guard slot if he can regain his form of two years ago following knee surgery last season. If not, Maurice Howard will play there.

The team has only one freshman on its 10-man roster, Wilson Washington, a big man who probably will have to sit and learn behind Elmore. McMillen and Roy.

Maryland lost three games after Elmore injured his foot last year, and all together dropped four games by four or fewer points, so it may have been better than its 23-7 record. But it had a characteristically poor year in the ACC (it has not lost a regular-season game outside the conference in a three-year span) and on the road, losing six games away from Cole Fieldhouse. This team looks too good for that sort of burlesque. Start the music.

CONTINUED



ARIZONA

**9** Fred Snowden had been 80-0 as a junior varsity coach at Detroit's Northwestern High, 109-7 with the varsity while winning five straight city championships and a fine recruiter as an assistant at the University of Michigan. Yet the young, gifted black coach had never been offered a major college job of his own.

"Old friends from Motown would stop by and ask when I was going to make

a move," says Snowden, who played against the Four Tops, whose high school types became a Supreme, and who coached people like Alex and Ron Johnson, Willie Horton, John Mayberry and two of the Temptations before Arizona Athletic Director Dave Strack tempted him to Tucson last year.

To be certain he was equal to the rebuilding task ahead (Arizona had been 6-20), Snowden brought with him two kids who had been teammates at Detroit's Kettering High. "Neither Cornel Norman nor Eric Money looked terribly impressive when they got off the plane," Snowden recalls. "My assistant, Jerry Holmes, took one look and said, 'That's the franchise'."

Local reporters were equally skeptical, possibly because they thought Money was the star, and were upset when Arizona, low on Money publicity photos, gave them pictures of Norman instead. As luck or just possibly ability would have it, it was Norman who popped in 24 points a game as the Western Athletic Conference's Most Valuable Player. All Money did was average 19 points

Snowden sometimes started five freshmen as the Wildcats won 16 games and finished in a three-way tie for second place in the conference. But his new harvest is so rich that the only other sophomore who definitely will start is 6'8" forward Al Fleming, whose mother's given name is Arizona. Freshman Herman Harris will play opposite Fleming. Another newcomer, 6'10" Bob Elliott from Ann Arbor, is so ready that last year's starting center married and transferred.

The Michigan regime has settled in nicely at Arizona although, as Norman says, "When a lizard walks across the street you know you're not in Detroit." To make his teen-agers more at home, Snowden does things like dropping in on them for a piece of pizza and a friendly rap, which does not hurt his reputation. Kids from all over the country call him

For the moment, though, Snowden appears to have all the talent he needs to reach the NCAA West Regionals in March. They will be played at Arizona's new McKale Center—sort of a home away from home, lizards and all.



PROVIDENCE

**10** Since it is impossible to write a report about the Friars without somehow mentioning Ernie DeGregorio, reflect for a moment on vintage Ernie D. before he signed with Buffalo and people began to question everything but his Italian ancestry. Here comes Ernie, dribbling up court against Memphis State early in the NCAA semifinal game. Kevin Stacom is on the end of the

fastbreak and DeGregorio whips him one of his wonder passes for a layup. Stacom is the curly-headed and indefatigable kid who rejected lucrative professional offers to return to Providence.

Here comes Ernie D. again. This time it is a behind-the-back half-court bounce pass to Marvin Barnes, who vaults with the ball above the rim to put in a basket. Barnes hurt a knee later in that loss to Memphis State but recovered to play in both the U.S.A.-Russia series and the World University Games in Moscow. He was the leading rebounder and finished second in scoring at the World Games. He, too, could have turned professional as a hardship case, but he also chose to play a final season with Providence.

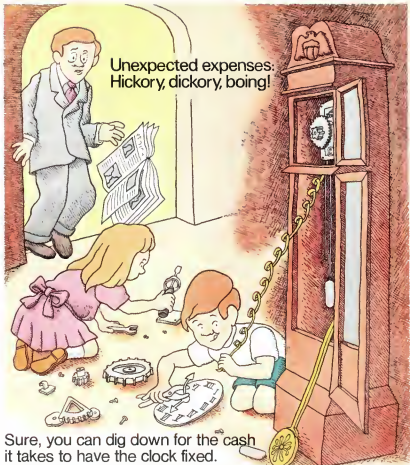
So while it is goodby to Ernie D. and to Fran Costello and Nehru King and Charlie Crawford. Coach Dave Gavitt can look forward to another year of Stacom and Barnes. In monetary terms that amounts to more than a million dollars in players. The question is: For all that obvious dedication, can the Friars be as good without Ernie D?

Just maybe. In Barnes, who blocked

137 shots and was second nationally in rebounding (19.0), Gavitt has a dominant center that any team in the country other than UCLA would covet. In Stacom, who hit 55% of his shots, he has a prized shooter who additionally is solid defensively. Depending upon who plays the other guard position, Stacom also can run the club, but he would be better off as the shooting guard.

Gary Bello, a junior who saw little action last year, and Rick Santos, a junior-college transfer, are candidates as DeGregorio's replacement. Santos is the favorite, but there is also 6'4½" freshman Joe Hensett to consider. The best high school player in Rhode Island last year, he has a DeGregorio reputation as a passer and, remarkably, lives even closer to the campus than his backcourt predecessor did, which is to say he practically came out of the holer room. Barnes can expect rebounding help from forwards Mark McAndrew and Bob Cooper, a two-time All-Serve and three-time All-Navy selection whose chief job was recruiting hoists. That's a switch the Friars hope will help boost them home.






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MARQUETTE

**11** There are days when Coach Al McGuire, burdened as he is with the responsibilities of fame and wealth, does not come to practice. And there have been days, like a recent one, in which he came late and departed early. During his few minutes courtside he gave \$30 to a former player and fell into a loud argument with a current one. The final thrust was the player's, a 5'10"

bench warmer. He told the coach to shut up. McGuire smiled. Later, while eating shrimp in a restaurant he partially owns, the coach said he did not even know what the fuss was about. "I am," said McGuire, "75', bull and 25', serious."

And who isn't at that traveling road show on Wisconsin Avenue in Milwaukee? Mary Beth, Al's lollipop-licking secretary? Mike, the information director, who says that creeping foliage will be the ruin of the concrete and asphalt school he once loved? Chris, the 384-pound student sports editor who skipped picture day to buy a case of beer? And certainly not the zany clad in fringed Sand-Knits with the Menominee Indian stripes who will likely appear at an arena near you this fall.

The Warriors are small, young, inexperienced and not very deep. The only senior starter, Guard Marcus Washington, is a poor shooter from anywhere on the court. But he offers the mature leadership the team needs. "There were jealousies last year," he says. "This year there won't be so much hassle."

It is difficult to presume who would

hassle 6'9" Maurice Lucas, whose 11 rebounds and 15 points per game credentials are the team's best. When last observed, Maurice was punching quarters on the gym floor, clad only in nylon briefs. Lucas needs the sartorial advice that freshman Bo Ellis can offer. Skinny Bo is interested in fashion design. Better, he can score. Earl Tatum, who played little as a 6'5" guard, switches to forward.

The real guards are Washington and Lloyd Walton, who sat out last year after transferring from Moberly JC and signing, for a while at least, at Jacksonville. Walton (doesn't everybody have one?) wants to break Dean Meminger's three-year assist record in two years. Somebody tell Lloyd that Al McGuire holds the Marquette assist record.

And somebody else tell America that a coach and a team that are 25', serious have, the last five years, won 88% of their games and played the nation's third best defense. All of this with Al McGuire in self-described "retirement" and without chalk drills, films or very much offense. Somebody's coming somebody, right, Al?



SYRACUSE

Val does the Gorilla, and all his teammates just die to copy his moves.

Coach Roy Danforth lines up his basketball team, each man at arm's length, and sends DuVal to the front. Sweet D slides. The team slides. Sweet D glides. The team glides. He moves his hands. They do, too. He walks, he talks, he crawls on his belly. Ditto the team. It is all a reaction drill the Orangemen have developed to keep themselves just a fraction quicker than their opponents, and it and some very good players helped them post a 24-5 record last season, the most ever by a Syracuse team.

Three starters—DuVal, Rudy Hackett and Bob Dooms—return from a team that finished 14th in both wire-service polls. Jim Lee, the sixth man, gains a starting position in the backcourt with DuVal, who moves more like his idol Dave Bing the longer he plays at Syracuse. DuVal scored at a 19.5 rate and totaled 113 assists last season. Lee, who appeared in every game, shot 44%, as a sophomore and complements DuVal's spectacular moves with his consistency.

Hackett, at 6'8" the tallest man on

the squad, plays forward, while Dooms, 6'5", is the center. It all seems kind of small by modern standards, but DuVal says, "I guess on paper you could say that, but what counts is what takes place on the court." He means, of course, that the team has its share of leapers. Dooms is a steady rebounder; he does not give away his position. Hackett rebounds, too (110 a game in 1972-73), and he has added 20 pounds, mostly in the shoulders, to the 190 he carried last year.

The Orange had counted on Fred Saunders, a 6'7" transfer from Southwestern Louisiana who enrolled at Syracuse this fall, to provide them with even more strength under the boards, but NCAA detectives put a hold on that action. Too bad, but not fatal. The schedule is not overly tough and there is plenty of additional help to come from the likes of Tom Stundis, Steve Shaw and Scott Stapleton, all of whom played last season, sophomore Mark Mendors, who did not, and Chris Sease, a non-predictor. The Orangemen will have them dancing in the aisles at Syracuse whether it's the Gorilla or not.

CONTINUED

**12** It may never reach the popularity of some of those dances they do on *American Bandstand*, but Dick Clark—a Syracuse graduate—should pay heed to this one. When the Gorilla catches on, historians will record that it started at Manly Field House on the Syracuse University campus and its founder was neither Hank Ballard nor Chubby Checker. Dennis (Sweet D) Du-



KENTUCKY

**13** There is something inherently unfair about this Bluegrass tradition. Last year marked the 41st renewal of the Southeastern Conference basketball race, and for the 28th time the same thing happened: Kentucky blue and white paraded to the winner's circle.

New Coach Joe Hall won the derby on his first mount, even after stumbling

out of the gate. Kentucky rallied for 10 straight victories in the stretch to beat Alabama, Tennessee and Vanderbilt by a game, largely on the spirit and poise of sophomores Kevin Grevey, Jimmy Dan Conner and Mike Flynn. They promise to be even better as juniors.

Grevey honed his considerable abilities this summer with the U.S. team in China. A complete player, equipped with DeBusscheresque mobility and a soft outside touch, Grevey saved his best performances for the title push, averaging 33.5 points over the last six games, mostly from beyond 20 feet. Conner, the other forward, is a deft passer and the indomitable Flynn, who eschewed his high-scoring prep style to become the Wildcats' top defensive man, brings grit and size to the backcourt at 6'3".

Senior Ronnie Lyons, a little freckle-faced tothead who resembles Dennis the Menace, has recovered from the stomach and ankle injuries that made last season his winter of discontent. A line shooter whose quickness and court awareness more than compensate for his 5'9" stature, Lyons should be a menace again

The departure of 6'11" Jim Andrews, it was feared, would leave the offense with a gaping hole in the middle, but the feeling now is that UK may be better off without Andrews' moodiness than with his 20 points and 12 rebounds a game. Junior Bob Guyette, while two inches shorter, excels in the three D's: diligence, desire and defense.

Offensively, Hall will try to open up the middle for drives off Guyette screens, but the Cats will rely mainly on outside marksmanship and a devastating fast break by those thoroughbreds of his. Further, the coach's stable of competent subs is fuller than ever, giving him confidence to go 10-12 deep. Two of these are black freshmen from Western Kentucky, Larry Johnson and Menon Haskins (brother of the Phoenix Sun's Clem) Hall, who feels he lived a "fish-bowl" existence last year as the replacement of a legend, is gradually erasing the racist reputation under which Kentucky basketball long labored. The Wildcats should win. If their talent does not accomplish that, tradition will. "Kentucky never graduates that," Hall says.



PENNSYLVANIA

**14** There were times last year when Penn Coach Chuck Daly must have cursed the Ivy League's ban on freshman play. As his varsity was struggling to a 21-7 record (which really is struggling at Penn), 6'8" John Engles was leading the freshmen to a 15-1 record. Finally Daly could control himself no more. "I love him!" he shouted as Engles made one outtaight move. As-

sistant Rolfe Massamino had another thought: "I'll marry him!" Massamino has since taken the Villanova head coaching job (presumably with a broken heart) and Daly adoringly watches Engles improve his varsity. Such as Engles' presence that Penn can afford to alter its long-revered system of tight defense and patterned offense. "We will fast-break more," says Daly. "I haven't seen many kids who can outlet the ball like John can." His moves vaguely resembling those of a teen-age Westley Unseld, Engles has exceptional strength and the endurance of a marathon runner. When he teams with 6'8" Ron Haugler, the East's Rookie of the Year in 1972-73, Penn has one of the best forward combinations in the country. Haugler beat St. Joseph's of Philadelphia and Manhattan with shots at the buzzer. "The pressure doesn't really bother me," he says.

But will it get to the guards? One sure backcourt starter is John Beecroft, a crack free-throw shooter (87.7%), who won the Princeton and St. John's games with one-and-one situation proficiency, but Daly doubts that he can hit from the

perimeter. Bill Finger, Whitey Varga and Ed Stefanski will try out for the other guard spot. It may go, however, to 6'7" Bob Bigelow who played guard, forward and center last season. "It was my scholastic year," he says. "I'd like to help the team any way I can, but I'm best at forward, rebounding." Maintains Daly: "We don't have any guards who can stack the ball. Bigelow is important here. If he plays guard, he must shoot." Otherwise he will compete for Penn's only forecourt vacancy with John Jahlonski. Larry Lewis and 6'11" Henry Johnson, the team's only center-sized center in recent history. No problems here.

Penn is a team of paradoxes. It is young (no senior may start) but experienced (only one senior started all games last year). It had the second-best defense in the country but will give up more points while scoring more. There are no two ways about Penn prospects. The Quakers ended last season by losing to Providence and Syracuse in the NCAA regionals. The only place they can hope to avenge the losses is in the NCAA regionals. No problems here, either.

CONTINUED

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## Scouting Continued



AUSTIN PEAY

**15** There would have been only slightly less of a stir around Austin Peay last year had Fly Williams arrived wrapped in swaddling clothes. Before Fly, Tennessee's along the Cumberland regarded college basketball as somewhat less amusing than holding a June bug on a string. Those outside Clarksville who knew of Austin Peay mispronounced it (it's Pee) and few but

opponents found delight when the Governors took the court. For nine years in the Ohio Valley Conference Austin Peay never had a winning season and in four of the five years Before Fly it finished last.

"We couldn't get good white players," Coach Luke Kelly says, "and to recruit black, you need a black recruiter." So he hired Leonard Hamilton, who forthwith ventured to Brooklyn, N.Y., found Fly and ended ignominy. In his second appearance as a freshman, Williams scored 42 points. "People described him as if he were something sighted over Pascagoula, Miss.," a student recalls. Twice Williams hit 51 points, breaking a 12-year-old OVC mark, and his 29.4 average boosted team scoring to 93.1, third highest in the land. The Little Red Barn where the team plays (capacity 2,500) grew hopelessly inadequate. AP won the OVC title and beat Jacksonville in the Mid-East Regional. It bowed 106-100 to Kentucky in double overtime.

"This is a climactic year," Kelly says. Enrollment has fattened to 4,124 and an 8,500-seat gym is under construction. New, too, are nine players, but with Wil-

liams still around, little will change. Pointman Danny Odums (10.1 points per game) and Wing Percy Howard (11.4) rejoin him, along with 6'5" Richard Jurnerson, who moves into the post. Joe Johnston, an All-America at Gulf Coast JC last season, will replace Wing Howard Jackson, a two-time All-OVC selection who broke both legs in a fall from a roof last summer. Jackson's rebounding will be missed, but Kelly hopes to be compensated by more scoring from inside. Kemp Hampton, Ralph Garner and Fred Lee also figure in his plans.

For Williams, too, a climactic year approaches. "The Peay's got to win and I do, too," he says. "This place grows on you, but what I want in life I can get faster in the pros." Austin Peay ranked 15th nationally in its average margin of victory during 1972-73, and the Gobs suffered five losses by a total of eight points. A better defense could have won those and that is what Williams and the team are working on. "No more I shoot, you shoot," he says, "and we'll fly." In Clarksville they'll take a Fly over a June bug anytime.



ALABAMA

**16** Last year when the Crimson Tide finished 22-8 and made its first appearance ever in a postseason basketball tournament, even Bear Bryant took notice. He accompanied the team to the NIT and sat, sometimes quietly, at the other end of the bench from Coach C. M. Newton. During one particularly exhilarating game Bryant jumped up several times to object to the officials' ap-

parent myopia. Afterward in the locker room he apologized to Newton: "Gee, I was afraid they were going to give us a penalty." Wendell Hudson, Alabama's first black player, laughed, "It's a foul in this game, not a penalty, coach." In such ways are Alabamians beginning to learn about the strange game of basketball.

Three starters return and the Wave had the best recruiting haul in the conference, which should mean that Newton will not be caught offside in the race for the Southeastern Conference title. But hold it. One of the missing players, Hudson, was the undeniable leader on the floor and the unflappable counsel off court. Forward Glenn Garrett and sixth man Paul Ellis will be more easily replaced. "Finding a leader is the thing that concerns me most—more than who we play," says Newton. "Wendell was so good that the others just naturally looked to him. You can't force that kind of leadership on just anybody."

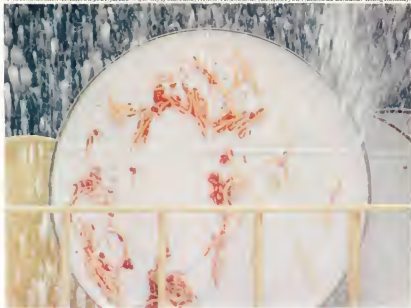
Guard-Forward Charles Cleveland, All-SEC as a sophomore last year, could be the man to direct the Tide's roll. He

was the one the team looked to for one of those behind-the-back passes from midcourt that hit a teammate in the chest under the basket or to go one-on-one for the clutch bucket. Senior Guard Raymond Odums, a streak in the backcourt, is also back to lead the hot fast break and, hopefully, the league in assists again. Sophomore Leon Douglas, the 6'10" center who intimidated so many shooters in his first year, has shed some of his reserve and developed quick inside moves on offense. Nicknamed Grampa because of his age (19), Douglas' consistency and improvement offensively are the keys to the kingdom. Alabama will probably start freshman T. R. Dunn at one forward and junior-college transfer Charles Russell at the other. Dunn is so fluid that he sometimes is overlooked, but he rarely makes a mental error and he often comes through with the big play. There is more raw athletic ability on the bench than anywhere this side of the Alabama football field. And come to think of it, down there at the end there is likely to be a man named Bear who doesn't like to lose.

CONTINUED



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*The  
Freedom Maker*



**17** Consistent with his new surroundings, he is called Tark the Shark, a name recalling the tricky monkeys affected by underworld gangland chieftains, at least in the movies. But though Jerry Tarkanian, the new coach of the Las Vegas Jackpots, would never be mistaken for a mob capo (his shoes are unpolished), he has already brought into town enough hot men to make John

Shaft throw down his shoulder holster. Tark imported LA's Big Lew from the Avenue, Pittsburgh's Jeep and Houston's half-Japanese Mussao Owens, freshmen all, to light up the Strip. He transferred a couple of junior-college triggermen from Idaho and Arizona to take care of the backcourt. Quicker than you can say Godfather, he treated Las Vegas to a brand new Family.

The school and community, in turn, have demonstrated renewed interest and support for the team: tickets are sold out at Convention Center, over 1,500 people paid \$50 a plate at a fund-raising sports dinner, the governor made a speech and so did Shucky Greene. "I love it here," says Tarkanian. "Weather great, people terrific. 'Course if I start losing, I won't like nothin'."

That is hardly likely. Las Vegas had two returning stars even before Tarkanian went to work. 6'9" Jimmie Baker and 6'4" Bobby (The Phantom Phenom) Florence Baker averaged 22 points and 15 rebounds last season, including a dominating game against San Francisco in which he outrebounded the entire Don

front line. Florence, a thrill-and-spill artist on the offensive board, has a nose for points, having averaged 25 a game, scored 44 against Houston and made 24 of 35 shots against San Francisco.

The real problem will be in coordinating all those new faces. Already Lewis Brown, the 6'9" freshman center, has been a budding mauler, leaping and intimidating livestock in practice. Conversely, the one-on-one prodigies in backcourt get along fine.

Tarkanian would like to start two junior-college recruits, muscular Ricky Sobers and shooter Lawrence Williams, but Williams cannot dribble and he has been hurt. So his job falls to 6'7" Eddie (Mussao) Owens, who is cat-like, electric and poised. Despite his height and swing position, Owens could be the floor leader, freeing Sobers to concentrate on scoring. Jeep Kelly, quickest of the bunch, and Pat Bolster, ah, holster the guard corps. The Rebels could use inside depth, but that should not matter. The schedule is a cookie, and victories should come easy as pie—say about twice a Baker's dozen of them.



**18** Try this for instant trauma: In the first 30 seconds of his college debut Adrian Adams, all 6'9" of him, lost the tap to the Indiana State center, who pecked up the loose ball and put in a layup. "Then we came down to our end and when I shot against the same center he blocked it," Adams recalls. "I made my next shot, but I think my whole season could have changed if that guy

blocked that one." Hardly. Adams finished the game with 34 points and 28 rebounds. He finished the season as the Big Eight's Player of the Year despite missing the last five games with a broken wrist and despite one other small point: he was only a freshman.

If Adams dominated the conference last season, he might just smother it this time around. He is a bit stronger, a bit quicker and a lot more worldly, having played in both China and Russia this summer. Adams, however, will be playing under a new coach, the Sooners' third in half a year. John MacLeod gave up college ball for the Phoenix Suns, and Joe Ramsey, an assistant, and Lester Lane, a coach of international teams in Spain and Mexico, became the finalists for his old job. Lane won out and Ramsey lit out on Interstate 35 to become an assistant at Kansas State, 320 miles away. But Lane, only 41, died of a heart attack in September, and Ramsey, who had already bought a house in Manhattan, Kans., was summoned south to Norman. "Naturally, I am ambivalent about the situation," Ramsey says. "I wanted the

job, but I regret the way it came about."

With Adams, Ted Evans and Tom Holland, Oklahoma can play a towering and tested front line. But Ramsey might prefer to use his galloping forwards, 6'4" Herb Williams and 6'6" Melvin Baker. Williams is a prize junior college transfer, Baker a freshman from Gallup, N. Mex., in Navajo country. "We can create some one-on-one situations for Melvin," says Assistant Coach Larry Donaway, who had Baker in high school. "We figure two things can happen—either he scores or he gets fouled." Or both?

The backcourt could be troublesome unless Ramsey finds a running mate for flashy Lee Gilbert. Mike McCurdy will fill in while Percy Wells, who played behind Dwight Lamar at Southwestern Louisiana last season, is recovering from knee surgery. Jay Williams, another knee case, and John Breathun could help.

The Sooners will be playing in a well-balanced conference, one made even tougher with the introduction last season of a 30-second clock. But they are prime favorites unless, of course, Adams has his first two shots blocked.

CONTINUED



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**19** It seems fitting that freshman Clifton Pindexter wears No. 41 for Long Beach State, his older brother Roscoe wears No. 44, and Leonard Gray No. 50. The uniform numbers indicate fullback, fullback, middle line-backer, but the trio appears equally suited to helping out at a tug-of-war, building excavation or nuclear holocaust. It would not be too surprising this season

to find that some teams take one look at the 6'8", 230-pound Cliff, the 6'6", 220-pound Roscoe and the 6'8", 235-pound Gray and immediately call out the National Guard. If they are not enough, transfers Carlos Mina, the 6'8" Mexican Jumping Bean, and Floyd Heaton, a 6'5" former tight end himself, should provide sufficient intimidation to enable the 49ers to lead college basketball in terror again this winter. "If we can get to hand-to-hand combat, it's all over," says new Coach Lute Olson.

Along with imposing size, veterans and a fine tradition, Jerry Tarkanian unfortunately also bequeathed Olson enough dirty linen to make NCAA probation a distinct possibility in the eyes of the local gentry. However much the former coach carried out his prolonged negotiations with Las Vegas in the newspapers and had both schools wallowing in fantastic (not to say outrageous) offers, community feelings have since calmed, and Olson, who was summoned from neighboring Long Beach City College, is in full command.

The Turk-to-Lute transformation in-

cludes a quieter atmosphere, concentration on technology rather than emotion and constant man-to-man extended defenses. Olson has instituted a mumble passing game which has the 49ers switching and weaving as never before, but when it counts, Long Beach will again go to its inside jam game. There Gray, who has lost 20 pounds and gained new hope (his clashes with Tarkanian assumed alarming proportions), and the Pindexter brothers should excel. Roscoe had a terrific rookie year, leading the team in rebounds as a sixth man. The dominating Cliff, though unused to stiff competition, is a fast and willing learner and one of the best freshmen in the land. "I hope so," he says.

Though the backcourt will miss Ed Ratliff, senior Glenn McDonald is still around to provide good defense while newcomer Dave Leslie is a shooter of repute. Little Rick Abernethy runs the break, throws flashy passes and delivers comedy antics as well as his famous cough. "I think he has TB," says Olson. Opponents are more worried about the 49ers' GTP: Gray and two Pindexters.



**20** Before he leaves his present position to try something easier—like prosecuting Watergate or selling lawn mowers to Eskimos—let tribute be paid to Bob Boyd of Southern Cal. Now and forever Boyd is hearing things like "too bad about last year" and "where does a hurt the most?" But, in truth, last year his Trojans finished second in the Pac Eight, won 18

games and went to the NIT. The trouble, of course, is that he just doesn't beat UCLA—at least not often enough.

So Boyd keeps beating his head against the UCLA wall and one place where it hurts the most is in attendance, which was down last season at the Sports Arena. Football Coach John McKay has promised to spearhead a season-ticket drive this time, but it may not be enough to keep Boyd in what he calls "the toughest coaching job in America"; next season he has an open ticket to Duke.

As frustrating as the situation on the West Coast is, Boyd had an especially trying time of it last winter. Injuries, suspensions, players quitting and criticism for playing his son Bill all had effect. The final frustration was a St. Patrick's Day massacre at the NIT in which USC outscored Notre Dame by nine goals only to lose when the victors took 33 free throws to the Trojans' two. "Skill of the Irish," says Boyd, dripping sarcasm.

Though all the season-end Trojans have returned, their offense has not. To correct bad passing habits USC will switch to a high and low post with less

reliance on patterns. In backcourt Dan Anderson again is being promoted for stardom, but junior Gus Williams, an explosive operator who can rebound, too, is the Trojans' best. Defensive specialist Biff Burrell completes a sound guard line.

Elsewhere USC will take advantage of what Boyd calls his "unconventional" inside men—Mike Westra, John Lambert, Clint Chapman and Bruce Clark—to "outdeep" the opposition. It won't be all that easy. While nice things are expected of Lambert, Westra always has proved inconsistent. And while Chapman was somewhat of a disappointment for one season, Clark has been that for three. Both men, though 6'8" and 6'9", prefer to spray away outside rather than burrow down under. For that job, muscular Bill Trowbridge, a potential defensive stopper, is well equipped. The Trojans are heavy in size and numbers (Bill Boyd is another medium-range threat, especially on the road away from the callals) but they are neither quick nor physical. "A year away" is Boyd's annual joke, but next year the coach himself may have gone away.

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# Best of the Rest

## Five to Watch

It is hard to imagine that anything among the Colorado Rockies could come up short, but that is what has happened to the University of Colorado Buffaloes, who are tall in every way except height. With a few more inches here and there they might have made the top 20. Still, they will be very much worth watching, not necessarily because they will finish in the next five—they likely will not—but because, like Louisiana State, Purdue, Boston College and Oregon, they are an interesting team that has not been heard from much recently but will be soon. What the Buffaloes have instead of height is Lee (Harpo) Haven, whose blond locks will be reflecting the dim light of the CU field house as he leads a fast break. Haven is one of the scrappy players who helped unflappable Sox Wabseth become the Big Eight's 1972-73 Coach of the Year by hanging up a 9-5 league record. Junior-college transfer Tony Lawrence and Scott Wedman, a 6'7" senior and one of the country's better defenders, can both score in Wabseth's patterned offense.

Another Coach of the Year was Louisiana State's Dale Brown. Late-season SEC wins over Alabama and Tennessee led the Tigers to a 9-9 league and 14-10 overall record and helped Kentucky (thum!) take the conference title again. In his second year Brown has a solid nucleus in a backcourt of Mike Darnall and Eddie Palubinskas and an interchangeable frontcourt of Collis Temple, Wade Evans, Randy Herrang, Ed LeBlanc and John Engquist. Temple developed into a surprisingly accurate shooter last season after he was advised to soak his hands in hot water before games and during half-time. The best of five promising newcomers is Glenn (Hondo) Hansen, a transfer from Utah State who can play every position but center. Dennis Wolff, a superb passer, provides depth in the backcourt. Brown, called "Billy Graham in Sneakers" by the local press, has a reputation for getting maximum performance from

his players. In a well-balanced league, maximum might be just enough.

Purdue, mother of astronauts, NFL quarterbacks and Heisman Trophy losers, has been missing its share of hot-shots lately, and no one is more concerned about this post-Rick Mount state of affairs than second-year Coach Fred Schaus. So far he is coming in third to those other state rivals, Digger Phelps at South Bend and Bobby Knight at Indiana, which is not particularly pleasant for a man who had become accustomed to better things as coach and, most recently, general manager of the Los Angeles Lakers. Still, Schaus managed a 13-9 record in his first Purdue season mainly because he instituted the same UCLA track conditioning program that Bill Sharman used to transform the Lakers into an NBA champion—and his Botenmakers could improve with John Garrett and Frank Kendrick scoring and Bruce Parkinson directing matters. Now if Schaus can come up with some supers, he should not mind those season-ending games at Indiana so much.

Mel Weldon of Boston College thought "the whole world was coming at me" when he was playing for the U.S. at the World University Games this summer. Turned out it was only the Cuban team. Life will be slightly less precarious this winter as Weldon tries to make the Eagles' hufflyers again. A Taty Archibald-style guard from Jersey City via junior college, Weldon will be abetted by some fine homebreds, among them Bob Carrington, Wilfred Morrison and Bill Collins, and Syd Sheppard from Pennsylvania. Coach Bob Zuffelato expects to use a free-lancing offense featuring a point guard and four mobile forwards and to substitute freely enough with Team Captain Dan Kilcullen, Jerre Nolan and Mark Ratemak to wear down opponents. Weldon eventually wants to enter social work so he can "help the people." Boston College is his first case.

Ron Lee, the son of a Boston motorcycle patrolman, is one local product that BC let get away—all the way to Oregon

He averaged 19 points a game last season and became the first freshman ever named to the All-Pac Eight first team, but he is not all Coach Dick Harter is relying on to do something about the UCLA's, USC's and Stanford's Ducks have to face. A promotional picture that shows all five Oregon players in a pileup for a loose ball is what Harter has in mind, the *Awakaze* defense that worked well for him at Pennsylvania. Harter says, "We'll be clean but tough." Two of his toughest are Steve Munkler, a 7-foot center from Des Moines, and former Pennsylvania high school star Stu Jackson, but it is Lee, whose brother Russell plays for the NBA Bucks, that Harter counts on most. Among other things, Lee does sleight-of-hand card tricks in his spare time. Now, if he can make UCLA disappear. . . .

## The South

Independence remains a respected calling in this region where such loners and non-joiners as South Carolina, Virginia Tech, Florida State and Jacksonville continue to send out teams that, respectively, have had five straight 20-win seasons, an NIT championship and, in the cases of the Seminoles and Dolphins, berths in two of the last four NCAA finals.

Jacksonville has its usual plethora of height and might, most of it experienced, but the Dolphins could have trouble adjusting to the unfamiliar personality and methods of Bob Gottlieb, their third coach in five years. "I may be guilty of doing too much too soon," the former Kansas State assistant admits. Flashy Henry Williams and menacing Butch Taylor are two of the four starters back from last year's 21-6 team.

Transfers and dropouts have left Florida State's Hugh Durham with a young group but without the dissension that helped create an 18-8 disappointment last year. Defending NIT titlist Virginia Tech, a late-blooming 22-5 surprise in 1973, returns nine of its first 10, though the absentee, leading scorer Allan Brewton, may be irreplaceable. South Caro-

lina lost both its rebounder and its point producer, but skinny Alexander English and Brian Winters provide more than a little of both. Centenary's super big man, Robert Pansh, would have ranked high nationally in both scoring and rebounding with 23.0 and 18.7 averages last year if the NCAA recognized the Gents as well, gentlemen. But the NCAA does not and will not until the Louisiana school reports for a long list of rule infractions. Georgia Tech and Tulane are in better social standing, though new Coaches Duane Morrison and Charles Moir, both up from the smalls, would prefer improvement to popularity. Four returning starters buoy optimism at George Washington, whose 17-9 record last year was the school's best in 17 years.

Vanderbilt and Tennessee should pressure the Southeastern Conference leaders. Even with four starters back from a 20-6 team, including two-time leading scorer Terry Compton, the Commodores plan to reshuffle. Jan van Breda Kolff, Butch's son and a record assist man as a 6'8" guard, moves to center. When he is healthy, the Volunteers' 7-foot pivot, Len Kosmalicki, is the league's best offensively, but he has to struggle to outbounce the team manager. Board help comes from freshmen Mike Jackson and Ernie Grunfield, the latter New York City's top high school player last year. Mississippi and Mississippi State have experienced teams but not a 20-point scorer between them.

When Duke Coach Bucky Waters unexpectedly resigned this fall, the Blue Devils almost lured 77-year-old Adolph Rupp onto the Atlantic Coast Conference battlefield. "I hated to say no," admitted the former Kentucky coach. "It was the greatest tribute ever paid me." Rupp declined when the death of his business partner left his Lexington farm unattended. Neill McGeachy got the job instead, but he picks up Duke's first loss in 35 years. Virginia Forwards Wally Walker and Gus Gerard are standouts, and freshman Bill Longh steps in for the departed Barry Parkhill. Bates Locke had his best season in three tries at Clemson, though 12-14 is not much to build a dream on. Seven-footer Wayne (Tree) Rollins will give the Tigers bark if not bite. Wake Forest, respectable in its first season under Carl Tacy, returns Guard Tony Byers with his 22-point average.

Davidson won its seventh straight regular season Southern Conference title

last year, but Furman captured its second consecutive championship tournament. The Wildcats, with five returning starters, are still looking for a big man. Bullish Clyde Mayes and tall Fessor Leonard provide the punch for the inconsistent Paladins, who last year won 20 for the first time since 1934. Morehead State and Murray State are the most likely Fly (Williams) swatters in the Ohio Valley.

## The East

In the 35 years of the NCAA championship, only three Eastern teams have won the title. Excluding Villanova—disqualified after a tournament—only six finished second. Slim pickings, yet understandable considering the 56 major colleges in the region, the innumerable small ones and the legion of outside schools that cull the local product. But if all this has a watering-down effect as far as national championships go, it virtually guarantees the dog-eat-dog rivalries of the region. In Philadelphia, for instance, Penn, one of the few places that seem to collect hot prospects in bundles, fully expects to win the Big Five. Temple, La Salle, which won the NCAA 20 years ago, and St. Joseph's fully expect it will not, and one of them could be right.

Temple, which may be the strongest of the three, is playing under a new coach, Don Casey, who already has made two significant moves. He installed the free substitution system that Dean Smith made successful at North Carolina and he eliminated the cigar that his highly successful predecessor, Harry Litwack, always smoked. Otherwise no change. Four starters are back, including 6'10" Joe Newman, and the Owls have the usual whiz newcomer—this one is Wesley Ramseyer. They should improve their 17-win record. Joe Bryant, 6'10" but scholastically ineligible as a freshman, makes his long-awaited debut at La Salle. Even without him the Explorers won 15 games. They expect more with Bill Taylor and Joe DeCocco returning and, when he becomes eligible in December, Varick Cutler, a 6'7" transfer from Maryland. St. Joseph's loses 40 points per game through graduation of Mike Bantom and Pat McFarland. Yet Coach Jack McKinney thinks he has a better shooting team than last year when the Hawks finished 22-6. Only at Villanova is there Big Five woe. Jack Kraft left for Rhode Island after a dozen years and his first losing season. Just in time maybe. Rollie Massim-

ino follows him without many prizes—and without Tom Ingelsby.

In the Ivy League, Gerry Alaimo begins a second term in the resurrection of Brown. The Bruins return all five starters, most noteworthy among them 6'5" Forward Phil Brown, the league's top rebounder and its ninth-highest scorer. Princeton has 6'9" Andy Rimol and sophomore Guard Armond Hill, and Yale welcomes to the varsity last year's 20-1 freshmen. Poor Dartmouth mourns the graduation of James Brown. Cornell digs out the snowblowers and Harvard warms up a new coach, former Boston Celtic Satch Sanders.

Larry Wesse has been replaced at St. Bonaventure by 27-year-old Jim Satalin, an ambitious redhead who may gray early. In December the Bonnies play an away game against UCLA. They have 6'9" Glenn Price and rave over 6'6" freshman Forward Esie Hollis. Niagara will open 8,800-seat International Convention Center in Niagara Falls in January with ever-smiling Andy Walker at forward. He is the best Niagara pro prospect since Calvin Murphy. Canisius starts without starters. All from last season had to be replaced. Yet optimism abounds because of 6'5" Forward Larry Fogle who transferred from Southwestern Louisiana where he was the top freshman scorer. With 6'8" Charles Jordan and Mel Montgomery expected to return in January, the Griffins again are favored to win the Little Three.

Lou Carnesecca returns to St. John's to find the Redmen in a power struggle with once-lowly Manhattan and without Mel Davis, who decided to spend his senior year as a pro. While Carnesecca does have a formidable set of guards in Mel Utley and Frank Alagna, he fears 6'7" Ed Seasey may get lonely under the boards. "Other teams have trees," he says. "We have a sapling."

Manhattan returns 6'10" Bill Campion, whose 15.5 rebound average was seventh in the nation. Charlie Mahoney can score around the key, and George Buccì plays as though he means it. Rutgers has a new coach, Tom Young, explosive Forward Phil Sellers, Mike Dabney and 6'10" Les Cason. Not a bad front line, until it is completed with Duquesne's. Coach Red Manning is luxuriating in able bodies. If either 6'10" Murray Meikenshous or 6'9" Ray Milligan comes through at the post, he plans to move All-America candidate Lionel Billings, III at

continued



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ease at center, back to forward. Look for the Iron Dukes when the regular season is complete.

In New England, Fairfield should be back in another NIT, and Connecticut and Massachusetts appear best in the Yankee Conference... to name just a few of those 56 teams.

## The Midwest

Gene Bartow is alternately amused and astonished each time he picks up a newspaper and finds his Memphis State Tigers unmentioned in a list of this year's best basketball teams. The papers may be forgiven since the finest players in the school's history—Larry Finch, Larty Kenon and Ronnie Robinson—all left at once. But Bartow, named 1973 Coach of the Year for leading MSU to a second-place finish in the NCAA tournament, has an easier route—State has left the Missouri Valley Conference—and better players than most people suspect.

Senior Forwards Billy Buford and Wes Westfall are tall and swift, sophomore Guards Bill Cook and Clarence Jones have already proved their stuff, and freshman Guard Dexter Reed looks too good to keep on the bench. Add 6'10" John Washington at center, and zip! Instant Rebuild.

With the Tigers out of the Valley, everyone aims for Louisville, and the chief marksmen should be from Tulsa. Just in time, too, since cross-town rival Oral Roberts, a powerful independent with a gaudy modern arena, has just about monopolized the city's attention. In Willie Biles the Hurricanes have the first Valley player to average 30 points since Oscar Robertson and a shooter who can put the memory of Oral Roberts' Richard Fuqua to rest. Hopes soar, too, with 6'9" Sammy High, especially now that the Titans will be minus their 7-foot center, David Vaughn, out for personal reasons.

The mass exodus from Minnesota adds still another chapter to The Strange Case of Bill Musselman and leaves serious doubt as to his future in the Big Ten. Not only did the entire starting five depart, but his three top reserves transferred to smaller schools and Musselman's all-new freshmen-transfers squad ("skinny, short and white," says a local reporter) is more representative of his days at Ashland (Ohio) College than of the Ron Behagen-Clyde Turner regime. Wisconsin claims to have the tallest starting lineup in the country, average size 6'8½", and

hopes to challenge Indiana and Purdue.

Kansas State leads the land rush against Oklahoma in the Big Eight. Coach Jack Hartman's record (344-132) and disciplined teams make him look more like John Wooden every day. Guard Lon Kruger is back and should be enough to hold off Iowa State. The Mid-American Conference winner will be either Bowling Green, defending champion Miami of Ohio, Ohio University or Kent State. All four return at least four starters.

Southern Illinois was one of the few Midwest independents to finish under .500 last year, and that should not happen again. Three college players who participated in a children's benefit tournament in Gary, Ind.—Center Jim Bradley of Northern Illinois, Center Andy Pancratz and Forward Bill Robinson of DePaul—will reportedly be lost to their teams until Jan. 1. Dayton could have a contender for national scoring honors in Donald Smith, who led in free-throw shooting last season. Marshall lost four starters but has a much easier schedule. Cincinnati will not be as dangerous without Derrek Dickey on the boards, but the Bearcats have Lloyd Batts and freshman Jim Webb, shooters. At Detroit, former Rutgers assistant Dick Vitale will try to re-create the success he once enjoyed in the New Jersey scholastic tournaments. Seven-footer Mike Heck has put on 15 pounds and should help Creighton better its 15-11 mark. Oklahoma City will miss One Edwards and Marvin Rich too much to win 21 games again. Indiana State is talking about the NCAA playoffs, and the Sycamores have a new 10,000-seat amphitheater. Illinois State, without Doug Collins, is on the way down from 13-12.

## The West

Hawaii is a fine place to visit, which is why coaches hate to journey there. Their teams like it so much they forget to play basketball. Matters could be still worse because the University of Hawaii's first-year coach, Bruce O'Neil, has assembled an array of stunning Rainbows, among them Tom Henderson, the former Olympian, and Melton Werts, who developed into a promising center as a freshman. Now, if they do not fall into the same lassitude as their visitors, aloha.

Houston, another strong independent, has Louis Dunbar back—all 6'9" of him—and he could play guard, where he

averaged 21 points. Freshman Otis Birdson sounds as if he should be with the Supremes, but he plays the backcourt well enough to probably move Dunbar to forward. Pan American is rebuilding under humorist-coach Abe Lemons, who will have some tall tales to relate. Another Texas outfit, UTEP, will contest Arizona, New Mexico and Utah for Arizona State's Western Athletic Conference title. Coach Don Haskins has Gus Bailey, who could play for anybody, and two-year starter Beto Bautista, who can run the offense as his sleep. And, if he recovers from a knee injury, James Forbes, another former Olympian.

New Mexico's Bernard Hardin is the equivalent of UTEP's Bailey and he plays for a coach, Norm Ellenberger, who has a way with young men, witness his 21-6 team of unknowns last season. Utah Coach Bill Foster expects improvement now that Mike Sojourner and Luther (Ticky) Burden have acquired experience. And Arizona State has the height in Ron Kennedy, Mark Wasley and Scott Lloyd to chase after its own WAC title.

Stanford, with 7-foot Center Rich Kelley, gave UCLA trouble last year and could be the surprise team of the Pac Eight. Washington Coach Marv Harshman grew his hair longer and added a mustache. He is still a good coach, but that never seems to be enough. San Francisco and Nevada-Las Vegas do not have a monopoly on all the good players in the West Coast Athletic Conference. Lloyd McMillian (brother of Buffalo pro Jim) and Luther Philpaw are at Loyola, Pete Padgett at Nevada-Reno, Frank Otyemuck at Seattle and the alleged Super Six at St. Mary's.

Southern Methodist was a disappointing fifth in the Southwest Conference mostly because Ira Terrell, Sammy Hervey and Zack Tack could not get their act together any more than could their feuding coaches. Coach Bob Prewitt says things have settled down. "We have a very positive attitude. Last year is forgotten." Amen to that and hello to tomorrow. If Larry Robinson is healthy, he and Harry Larabee could make Texas a contender. Weber State does not always win the Big Sky title, but it has taken six straight and eight in a decade, and Coach Gene Visscher is ready again. Denver, with four starters returning, possibly will make a postseason tournament, and defense-minded Air Force could have its finest team in Academy history.

CONTINUED

# The Hatchback of Notre Dame.

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And March Car and Driver magazine reported: "Its acceleration is not only better than that of VW's and other small displacement competitors like the Toyota Corolla 1200, but it also exceeds that of the standard engine Pinto as well. And with a top speed of 88 mph, the Civic is no sitting duck on the freeway either."

Road Test summed it up pretty well when they said: "Clearly, the automobile has it all; it provides the most

immediately viable solution to our traffic problems and does this with comfort, performance, economy and a low price. For center city commuters, the Honda Civic is the car of the future. And it's here now."

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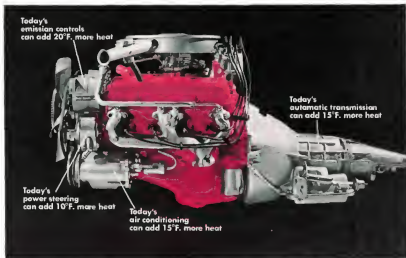
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# Small Colleges



**A**ll right, assume that you have heard about the Greyhounds, assume that you even know that they come from Worcester, Mass., and assume that every last basketball-wise sophomore in the land has made a gag about their sudden rise in the listings—the name is Assumption, get it?—10 gets you one you are not prepared for what comes next. The coach of Assumption, Joe O'Brien, says straight out, not a tinge of blush to him, "Our bug is we teach basketball."

A platitudinous thing to say—except that it is true. Assumption teaches basketball. At the open practices, for instance, that often are attended by students and coaches of the upcoming opposition. Were it not for the coed judo class at the other end of the gym—O'Brien says that if you are distracted in practice you are vulnerable in games—the sessions seem like the real article, which hardly benefits all those prying coaches. In game-day warmups the Greyhounds run through their entire offense anyway, hating nothing, which almost never has anything to do with the outcome. Generally—in 77% of their games in the last 20 years and all but three of their 28 games last season—they win. That 1973 finish may be harder to duplicate now with Roanoke, Maryland-Eastern Shore, Cameron College of Oklahoma and Alcorn A&M pushing their ways upward, but do not count on it.

"Execution and adjustment are the names of the game," O'Brien says, still unembarrassed by the language he uses. And scholarships. This year he has three. In the 22 years before there were only 49, more than half of them partials. Assumption should be plenty tough again.

O'Brien, incidentally, was the school's

first athlete to receive a full-time scholarship. That was in 1953, which could be called the rebuilding year, literally: parts of the college had been flattened by the tornado that ravaged Worcester in June and the president decided that better basketball might help raise extra funds. In the two decades since, the program has stressed the educational side of basketball. As Dr. Pasquale Di Pasquale Jr., the college's first lay president and a Notre Dame graduate says, "The students are most impressed with our size (1,038 enrollment) and the personal attention they get. Basketball is part of our education. It's our identity." Ninety-four percent of the scholarship players have graduated in the normal four-year period, 14 of them are now coaches and three are athletic directors although Assumption does not offer a physical education degree.

The college has had just one pro basketball player (he lasted three months), but it has a fine prospect this year in 6'7" junior John Grochowalski, a 22.2 scorer and 16.9 rebounder. He and 6'3" Jeff Scott, who attended the North Yarmouth Academy prep school in Maine together, are co-captains. "The program here allows for creativity, so you can do your own thing," says Scott. "But my biggest thrills come from stopping the other team's big gun." Groch, who holds the school's single-season rebounding record, claims he's happiest when he is rebounding. "That makes the coach happy," he says.

The coach is happiest when his team is attacking defensively. "The one thing that has not changed in my years here is our switching defenses," he says. But a well-executed fast break has been known

to warm O'Brien's heart, too. It is not unusual to see the Greyhounds break and run full court without the ball ever touching the floor. "We don't run and gun. We agree on what's a good shot for each player," says O'Brien.

One player with a fistful of shots is freshman Jim Boylan. A high-school All-America out of Jersey City who was recruited by Florida State, North Carolina and several other large powers, Boylan says, "I flirted with the idea of going big time. But a lot of the schools bring in junior-college transfers, and then it is your junior year and you're sitting on the bench. I made up my mind early in high school that I was coming here. Basketball is basketball." And Assumption is Assumption. Boylan's brother Mike was a little All-America there last year.

Four of the top eight players from last season, including Mike, have graduated, yet O'Brien is not worrying. "Our philosophy doesn't allow for a losing season," he says. "We rebuild as we win, which means we win 15 or 16 games. When we're not rebuilding, 20 to 27."

The Greyhounds have made the round of eight at the NCAA small-college finals in Evansville in each of the last three years and are just beginning to be recognized outside of New England. "We would like to be a small-college power," says O'Brien, "with a shot at the bigs." For Assumption, Providence has been a bit too big of an annual shoot, but the Greyhounds are coming. They will be in the ECAC Holiday Festival at the Providence Civic Center in 1975 where the field will include South Carolina, St. John's, Holy Cross and Providence among others. Assuming you get the gig, that is scarcely a dog show.

AND

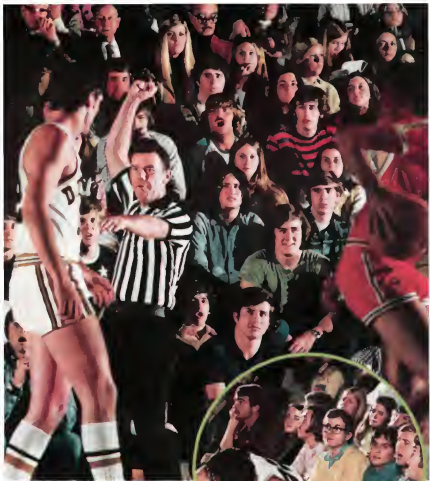
# Snakebit in the Snakepit



The old Men's Gym at North Texas State was nicknamed the Snakepit, and lest any visiting player got the mad idea that the place was less frightening than it seemed, students trotted out a bull snake as a convincer. Snakes do not live in pits and never have, but the term, long used in sports, may derive from the Hopi Indian custom of throwing snakes into a pit of sacred meal and diving in after them during prayers for rain. We are not sure exactly what this accomplished, but college basketball coaches have been known to pray, too, when they find themselves within an opponent's pit. The worst of these are so small that fans in the

balcony can block shots, so noisy with hometown support that teams huddle at midcourt during timeouts so they can hear themselves talk, and so old and ugly on the outside that visiting teams are almost too terrified to enter, let alone play winning ball once inside. Some of the most notorious dens of iniquity and antiquity—where the home court advantage over the last 10 years has averaged three wins to every loss—are shown on these pages. Sadly, perhaps they are a vanishing breed. This year, North Texas State, like so many other colleges recently, moves into a sumptuous new 10,000-seat arena. The architect calls it Superpit.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BENZ KLUTMEIER



**T**he crowd sure is just a quick grab from the action at DePauw's Bowman Gym. Intimidated by the hostile home audience, visitors usually shoot poorly when their goal is dead in front of the student cheerers.





**M**ilwaukee students are often outnumbered by the city people at Milwaukee Arena, which doubles as a home for the pro Bucks, but that does not make the crowd any less vociferous. To a stunning din, Al McGuire's Warriors won 81 in a row at home.





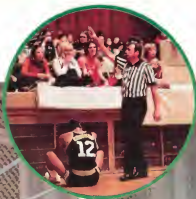
**B**eneath its dingy lighting, Weber State's Wildcat Gym ranks a dim second to many high school courts in Utah—making the Wildcats almost invincible at home. They have been casting a dark spell on all those animals up there in the background.



**T**he University of the Pacific's Stockton Auditorium, a converted theater, seats just 2,800 people, but when the roaring Tiger fans yell to beat the band, it sounds as if all the world's on stage.



**S**enior Forward Coach Bill Gaillard describes the horrors of playing at Pacific. "After dressing in an oversized closet upstairs, you walk down a winding staircase and expect the Phantom of the Opera."







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## Getting tanned in Miami, O.

Nestled down among the hills, farmland and covered bridges of tiny Oxford (pop. 6,500), Miami of Ohio does not seem like a campus with an athletic reputation. You might guess that it would be hard to recruit for anything more formidable than a field-hockey team, so snug and secure is the atmosphere. Watergate is but a distant annoyance, good, black coal cools the energy crisis as it heats the dorms; and unless you leave town the biggest trip of the weekend is 3.2 beer. Miami is just that well insulated. The campus is pure Turner & Lues. Annoyances tend to be minor, the name of the place and its geography, for instance. People keep getting the former mixed up with Florida. Of the latter, Miami's president, Dr. Philip R. Shriver, will tell you, "As we say about Oxford, all roads don't lead to it. You've got to want to come here."

It is a fact, however, that football players and kindred coveted athletic types gravitate to Miami in quantity envied by its Mid-America Conference rivals and in quality that irritates such Ohio State fans as Woody Hayes, who has covered not a few of them himself. It is a fact, too, that the Redskins enjoy smashing success. For Miami has a tradition as proud as its locale is rustic, a succession of graduates now in coaching that reads like the first chapter of Matthew. It also has the enviable custom of winning 73% of all its athletic contests.

In football Miami has now defied the jinxes of recruiting through 31 consecutive winning seasons, the most recent and finest of which was perfected in Oxford last Saturday before 13,058 fans who did want to get there for the Cincinnati game, a neighborhood war billed as the oldest rivalry west of the Alleghenies.

Pity those who arrived late, for the turning point came on the opening kickoff. Larry Harper, a 5' 9" wingback, first



HARPER BEGAN AND ENDED THE SCORING, RETURNING THE OPENING KICKOFF 95 YARDS

bobbled it, then returned it 95 yards for the only score of the afternoon. In the tedious 59 minutes and 45 seconds that followed, the teams combined for 140 offensive plays, most of them blunted, futile maneuvers.

Miami's defense held Cincy to five first downs, 92 yards and one pass completion in 22 attempts. Miami's offense, stopped twice inside the five-yard line, lost three fumbles, an errant pass and missed four field-goal tries and a PAT. All of which kept the score as old-fashioned as Miami Field, which looks more like a high school park than the home of one of the nation's unbeaten, untied teams. Artistic errors aside, the win gave Miami a 10-0-0 record, the best in the school's 85-year football history. Miami also now has the longest win streak among major college teams at 11 and is headed for the Tangerine Bowl on Dec. 22 in Orlando, Fla.

While many of the Redskins could be playing for the Big Ten teams that once tried to recruit them—including that other big Ohio club in Columbus—Coach Bill Mallory's men are generally more workmanlike than wondrous. Mallory credits much of this season's success to an inspiring group of seniors, not the least of them Co-captain and Running Back Bob Hitchens from the Columbus suburb of Urvancrest. Off his yeoman performance of last year, when he carried the ball 327 times for 1,370 yards and 15 touchdowns, Hitchens became an All-America candidate. The honor will probably elude him, however, since the increased versatility of this year's Redskins attack eased his workhorse role. His

statistics for '73 read 176 carries for 591 yards and six touchdowns. At a different place from Miami, the change would have produced an unhappy player.

Hitchens, however, is satisfied. "I came down here because I wanted to play a whole lot of football and I've done that all right," he says. "But winning the championship this year has been the highlight of my career. Being Offensive Player of the Year last season and all that other stuff, that was nice, but I would have traded all of it for this."

"This year," he went on, "all the pre-season polls, the sportswriters and the football magazines said we weren't supposed to finish higher than third or fourth in the conference. They also said we were probably in for our first losing season in a long time. Our team responded to that. We said, 'Hey, no way is that going to happen.'" With Linebacker (and also co-captain) Mike Monos, the Redskins' Most Valuable Player leading a defense that yielded but six touchdowns all year, Mallory got an indication that he had a team of uncommon strength in the second game on the schedule, at Purdue. "We were down 19-10," Mallory says, "but our attitude was remarkable. No one was dropping his head or giving up. We just came back and won it—24-19 in the last seven minutes. The same thing happened the next week at South Carolina." Miami won that one 31-11 and the clock ran out with the Redskins on the Gamecocks' one-foot line.

Mallory likes to drop shocking expletives like "dag-gone" and "dam" into his conversation. "This team has been a

(Continued)

# Can you spot the Camel Filters smoker?



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1. No way. He's Gerry Abrio, over-the-hill hupper. Irons his hair twice daily. Cigarettes taste just as flat. Gimmick. Watching bowling pins "do their own thing, man." 2. Naomi Glowstout Gimmick. Uses so much body english that police have raided the place four times. 3. Nope. It's Angie "The Arm" Kugelman. Threw so hard three automatic pin-setting machines have quit. Smokes cigarettes so heavily filtered, he's like a man giving mouth-to-mouth resuscitation to a rock. 4. Right! He just likes bowling, not gimmicks. Likes his cigarette honest and no-nonsense, too. Camel Filters. Easy and good tasting. 5. Zooty Smith, Gimmick. Has worn same good luck clothes since he broke 125 in 1942. Smokes war surplus cigarettes and saves the tinfol. 6. WHiz Kid Pringle. Developed math formula to bowl a perfect strike. Unfortunately releases ball on backswing.

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darn hungry group," he says. "They knew what they wanted and they went out and did it. We'd been 7-3 for four years in a row and I think they kind of got tired hearing people ask, 'Hey, when are you guys ever going to win a championship?' They beat Purdue and South Carolina back to back and then all five MAC rivals in a row. We got in sort of a groove and went after it."

In the long run, of course, Miami's success rests on its well-established reputation as the Cradle of Coaches, a tradition that doesn't hurt at all when it comes to recruiting. Coaches obviously have to start somewhere, but no institution has turned out more obvious coaching success stories than Miami.

The list of men Miami has either employed or graduated who have gone on to coach at other places includes Paul Brown (class of '30), Weeb Ewbank ('28), Walter Alston ('35) and Clive Rush ('33), who was also once employed in the pro ranks. Sid Gillman coached four seasons at Miami and Woody Hayes put in two before he moved to Columbus and gave the job to his freshman coach, Ara Parseghian ('49). Parseghian beget John Pont ('50), now at Northwestern, who in turn beget Michigan's Bo Schembechler ('51). Former Army Coach Earl (Red) Blaik ('18) played for Miami and so did Yale's Carmen Cozza ('52), South Carolina's Paul Dietzel ('48) and Mollory himself ('57).

Trainer Emeritus Jay Colville, a shambling, 67-year-old bear of a man with a Will Rogers haircut and humor to match, has seen them all come and go and thinks this is the finest Miami team of them all. He is probably the only person who remembers Paul Brown as "a smallish kind of quarterback and a good baseball player," or who can recall the fateful season when Ewbank coached the Miami basketball team.

Perhaps even more than the perfect season or the glorious past, the intelligent attitude of senior Quarterback Stu Showalter speaks best about Miami. A sophomore starter who lettered again last year, he finished the '73 season without one minute of playing time after losing his job to Steve Sanna, a better passer, and Sherman Smith, a better runner. Despite his fall from grace, he says, "The experience here has been a good one even if it's been a mental battle at times. So many guys, particularly if they've had the success, would have

given up and quit, but doggone it all, football taught me discipline and it made me do things I didn't want to do. There's more to it than just starting. It was important enough to me that I wasn't going to let it go for any reason.

"The coaches here have been great, real top quality men. I never reached the point where I said, 'nuts to them, they're wrong.' I always felt, 'I'm doing my best, if they want me, I'm here.' It would be great to be No. 1 all the way through, but life isn't that way. Some people are in the right place at the right time and some people aren't. If you can't accept that in something like football, you'll have trouble accepting it in life, too."

Maybe more roads should lead to Oxford.

## THE WEEK

by PAT PUTNAM

### WEST

1. UCLA (9-1)
2. USC (8-1-1)
3. ARIZONA STATE (9-1)

On the first play UCLA Quarterback Mark Harmon gave a fake and a nod, then lofted a 32-yard pass to freshman Tight End Ray Burks, who ran 50 more yards to score with only 15 seconds ticked off on the clock. At the end it was UCLA 56-Oregon State 14, and Oregon State Coach Doc Anderson, thinking perhaps of USC, was saying that it was going to take a while of a club to beat Pepper Rodgers' Uclans.

"I don't care what they run, they've got great ball handling, great execution and four great backs to run that damn wishbone," said Anderson. "In 25 years of coaching this is the first time a team I've played hasn't made a turnover or once punted."

During the rout in the rain, Tailback Kermit Johnston earned only 12 tries but he shattered two UCLA records. His 49 yards gave him 1,022 for the year, making him the first Bruin ever to exceed 1,000 in a season. And his three touchdowns gave him 15 for the year, passing the record of 14 set by Gary Beban in 1965. "I'm proudest of the 1,000-yard year," he said. "Mainly because all the guys up front wanted me to get it. They are the ones who deserve it."

USC, which plays UCLA this week for the

Pac-8 championship and the host berth in the Rose Bowl, hadn't figured Washington to run much, and they were right. The Huskies put the ball up 45 times, completed 19 passes and twice led the Trojans before falling apart 42-19. At halftime, in the face of the aerial assault, Coach John McKay moved Artimus Parker from safety to a moving back in the secondary, and from there Parker intercepted three passes to turn loose USC's legions on scoring sprees.

In other Pac-8 action, Quarterback Mike Boryla broke open a tight game with two third-quarter passes to reserve Tight End Brad Williams, and Stanford clinched third place in the conference with a tidy 24-7 victory over Oregon. Washington State scored on a field goal the first time it had the ball, added three straight touchdowns and then held on to down California 31-28. The Bears closed to within three points in the last quarter, but then WSU's Andrew Jones went six yards to score and close it out.

Trailing by a point and with only 27 seconds to play, Arizona Coach Jim Young sent in a two-point conversion play, but something was lost in the communication. The play failed and Air Force won 27-26. "That's the first time I ever had to make that kind of a decision," Young said, "but there's no question that we made a big mistake on the play. I requested that the ball be moved to the far hash mark. That's the option of the offensive team. But apparently that part of my message was never delivered."

The University of Texas at El Paso scored first, but then Arizona State's Woody Green took over, rushing 12 times for 432 yards and three scores en route to a 54-13 rout. Arizona State, which leads the nation in actual offense with 551.9 yards per game, amassed 615 against hapless UTEP.

### SOUTH

1. ALABAMA (9-0)
2. LSU (9-0)
3. NO. CAROLINA ST. (7-3)

Bear Bryant was not all that happy with Alabama's 43-13 thumping of the University of Miami. "We were not consistent on offense," he said. Three of Alabama's touchdowns came on long strikes. Willie Shelby returned one Miami punt 52 yards, Duffly Beles ran back another 62 yards, and Gary Rutledge hit Johnny Sharpeless with a 66-yard scoring pass. Take away the three explosions and PATs and that makes its 22-13 ball game and, as Bryant said, "LSU is waiting for us Thursday."

LSU, meanwhile, was saving as much strength as possible, using almost nothing

*continued*

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## COLLEGE FOOTBALL

but reserves for the last two quarters, content with a modest 26-7 victory over Mississippi State. Even at that, LSU came away sorely wounded. Offensive Guard Tyler Lafaucz, a prime All-American candidate and an outstanding pass blocker, injured his knee, and offensive Tackle Richard Brooks, who plays next to Lafaucz, pulled a hamstring muscle.

Mississippi used what Coach John Vaughn calls the new "I" formation to upset Tennessee 28-18, which didn't stop the Vols from accepting a bid to the Gator Bowl.

In a game in which a punt was punted twice, Georgia finally overcame Auburn 28-14 and now needs only a victory over Georgia Tech, a 26-22 victor over Navy, to earn a spot in the Peach Bowl. The double pain came in the third quarter, with Auburn's Roger Prieck picking up his first kick, which had been blocked, and getting off a woefully second one, which bounced off a Georgia player. An Auburn player fell on the ball and a Georgia player fell on him. That's when the brawl started. Said Georgia Coach Vince Dooley, "Anything I would say would just show my ignorance of the rules." Said Auburn Coach Shag Jordan, "How the hell do I know what happened. It was just a lot of mumbo-jumbo." Oh, well. In other SEC action, freshman David Posey kicked field goals of 46 and 28 yards as Florida upset Kentucky 20-18. Tulane got two early scores from Quarterback Steve Foley and went on to beat Vanderbilt 24-3.

Surviving a terrible offensive showing, North Carolina State managed to score twice in the last quarter to down Duke 21-3, the last touchdown coming in the final seconds after Duke had accidentally called time out with the ball on its own three. With Maryland defeating Clemson 28-13, the victory assured N.C. State of the Atlantic Coast Conference co-championship.

## SOUTHWEST

1. TEXAS (7-2)
2. HOUSTON (8-1)
3. TEXAS TECH (9-1)

Last week one of the hunting seasons opened in Texas and Darrell Royal told his troops that team for Horned Frogs. So the Longhorns went out and slaughtered TCU 52-7. The victory was Texas' 30th straight at home and leaves Royal just one short of tying Jew Neely's record as the winningest coach in Southwest Conference history. Neely won 144 games during his career at Rice, and Royal should match that against Texas A&M Thanksgiving Day.

It was another big one for Roosevelt Leaks, who gained 105 yards in 22 carries to

finish his season with 1,388, surpassing by 26 yards the 24-year-old SWC season rushing record set by Bob Smith of Texas A&M. And it could have been greater. With the score 38-7, Leaks retired early in the third quarter. As TCU Coach Billy Tobill noted later, "We started wrong and it went downhill from there."

Rolling to its highest score in history, Texas Tech slammed Baylor 55-24 and promptly accepted a bid to the Gator Bowl. At one point Tech trailed 10-7 but then scored three times in a minute and 41 seconds to take a commanding 18-point lead. Tech now stands 9-1 with only Arkansas left.

Another SWC attack fell last week, this one to Arkansas' Dickey Motton, who rushed for 189 yards in a 7-7 tie with SMU, giving him a career mark of 3,262, exceeding the record set by Texas' Chris Gilbert.

With little more than two minutes to play, Carl Swier took off on a 95-yard touchdown return of a kickoff and the Rice Owls stunned favored Texas A&M 24-20. Swier's scoring romp followed a second-half three-touchdown scoring spree by A&M.

Traveling mostly on the passing arm of Quarterback Jeb Blount, Tulsa defeated North Texas State 24-15 and clinched the Missouri Valley Conference co-championship. Blount was strong by five pass interceptions but completed 15 of 26 for 265 yards.

## EAST

1. PENN STATE (10-0)
2. PITT (6-3-1)
3. HARVARD (7-1)

Harvard, looking ahead to this week's Ivy League final with Yale, had to overcome a 13-point disadvantage before downing surprising Brown 35-12 to remain in a tie with Dartmouth for the league lead. At that, Harvard won only because Brown twice missed on placement conversions and once on a two-point pass-conversion attempt.

After losing its first three games, Dartmouth has come on with a big rush, making Cornell, the preseason Ivy favorite, its fifth straight victim, 17-6. Rich Klepach, out three games with a shoulder separation, ran for 128 yards, mostly around the corners.

With another Orange Bowl berth safely tucked away, Penn State used Ohio University as little more than a polishing cloth for John Cappelletti's Heisman Trophy credentials. The senior tailback, playing less than half the game, ran for 204 yards and scored four times as the Lions won easily 49-10. Asked if he would have done anything different if he had known how strong Penn State really was, Ohio Coach Bill Hess said, "Yes, I wouldn't have scheduled them."

Syracuse, which has been having more than its share of despair, took the opening kickoff on a 76-yard march to score and went from there to upset Boston College 28-13.

Pac had little trouble in downing winless Army 34-0, giving the Panthers their sixth victory and their first winning season since 1963, and then they surprised no one by accepting a bid to play in the Fiesta Bowl on Dec. 21.

Capitalizing on five turnovers, C. W. Post defeated Fordham 33-0 for its ninth victory against one loss. Rolling up 452 yards and matching four pass interceptions with four fumble recoveries, Delaware shocked Bucknell 50-0. And for the second straight year Williams defeated an unbeaten Amherst team, this time 30-14, to win their third successive Little Three championship.

## MIDWEST

1. OHIO STATE (9-0)
2. OKLAHOMA (8-0-1)
3. MICHIGAN (10-0)

Michigan and Ohio State will finally get around to picking on someone their own size this week, each other. The Big Two have finally run out of sparring partners. The Buckeyes pounded poor Iowa 55-13 while Michigan unloaded on Purdue 34-9. The workout over with, Bo Schembechler, the Michigan coach, said that he was relieved and now maybe they could start getting ready for Ohio State. "Everybody has been talking about Ohio State for three weeks. How the hell do you get a team prepared for anything else? But now they can talk Ohio because that's next."

Before Purdue, Schembechler had been warned. "Maybe I've been too met," he mused. "And that doesn't become me at all. I'm gonna be pretty damn tough from now on." He was upset because the week before his troops had lost four of six fumbles in beating Illinois 21-6.

"This week my defensive scout team will tackle the football on every down," Schembechler had warned, "and the first guy that drops it, I'll run him until his tongue hangs out. Carelessness causes fumbles. The question is whether I can teach them not to be careless." As an educator, Schembechler was faultless. No one fumbled, and after a slow first-half start Michigan's powerful ground game (310 yards) crushed any Purdue hopes of an upset by outscoring the Boilermakers in the second half 28-6.

For Ohio State, Iowa went into a six-man line, ignoring what Woody Hayes has said in the past. "Anybody can take away one of our backs with their defense if they want to pay the price."

*continued*

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### COLLEGE FOOTBALL *continued*

So Ohio State simply pitched out to Archie Griffin, and the sensational sophomore swept the flanks for 246 yards, breaking his own school record. "We went to the six-a-a line so they wouldn't punch us around," said Iowa Coach Frank Lauterbur. "If you want an endorsement of Ohio State, I'll endorse them."

At Ames, Iowa, the Sun Bowl people confided happily at halftime that they had signed Missouri and Auburn, and then ran into a total eclipse. A two-touchdown underdog, Iowa State came from nowhere to upset Missouri 17-7, and the game was hardly over when another interesting score arrived at the stadium: Georgia 28, Auburn 14. "It was perfect," said Iowa State freshman Quarterback Buddy Hardeman, filling in for injured

### PLAYERS OF THE WEEK

**THE BACK:** Oklahoma Halfback Joe Washington rushed for two touchdowns and 119 yards against Kansas, giving him 1,006 yards for the season and making him the first Big Eight player to pass the 1,000-yard mark this year.

**THE LINEMAN:** Steve Heil, a 6'4", 295-pound fullback, nailed the runner on a two-point conversion attempt in the last seconds to save Air Force's 27-26 upset victory over Arizona. Before that, Heil was in on 37 other tackles.

regular Wayne Stanley. Other quarterbacks should be so fearful before a game. Hardeman merely completed five passes for 74 yards and a touchdown and ran 15 times for 54 yards.

"I've been on the other side," said Barry Switzer, running in 72 plays to hold down a 48-20 Oklahoma rout of Kansas. An authority on Nebraska, Kansas State Coach Vince Gibson decided that the Cornhuskers belonged in the Top Ten but that they were not a super team without Johnny Rodgers. And so, without Rodgers, who is now doing his thing in the Canadian League, Nebraska ran up 434 yards on the ground, added 178 passing and crushed the Wildcats 50-21. Oklahoma State, twice beaten and twice tied, scored 31 straight points and gained a 38-24 conquest of defensively tender Colorado.

Elsewhere, Wisconsin Quarterback Gregg Bohm moved the Badgers 60 yards in the final minute for the touchdown that nipped Northwestern 36-34, while Michigan State survived a last-minute surge by Indiana to hand the Hoosiers their sixth straight Big Ten loss, 10-9. Minnesota recovered six Illinois fumbles and wiped out a 13-point deficit to win 19-16. Marshall senior Quarterback Reggie Oliver completed 22 of 26 passes for 217 yards in a 37-14 victory over Dayton.

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# The Talkies

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**Anything goes.**



I wouldn't say that 1973 was the most difficult year I ever had as a general manager," Jim Campbell was musing as he sat in the noonday sun at Dunedin, near St. Petersburg, the winter base of the Detroit Tigers' team in the Florida Instructional League. "Other seasons have been tougher for me. People tend to forget that as late as August 14 we were in first place in our division and that we had a good year for attendance [1,700,000]."

But 1974 may be something else. As he approaches a new season, Campbell is faced with a classic dilemma: his Tigers are growing old. Jim Campbell knows it and a million Detroiters know it. These old Tigers command high salaries. Thus Campbell's first recourse is to bewitch other general managers into believing that it is desirable to swap bright young cubs for costly long-toothed Tigers. Two weeks from now Campbell will make his pitch in the corridors and byways of the annual baseball meetings at Houston. "I don't think we will have to change our club completely," he says. "We aren't going to make wholesale changes just so we can say we made changes."

Spoken like a general manager. But what does Campbell have to offer? First Baseman Norm Cash is 39, the redoubtable Al Kaline 38. The only experienced second baseman has a little too much experience to be readily marketable; Tony Taylor will be 38 by April. Shortstop Ed Brinkman will soon be 32. Outfielders Willie Horton, Mickey Stanley and Jim Northrup are 30, 31 and 34, respectively. Third Baseman Aurelio Rodriguez is the kid of the club at 25. And when it comes to Detroit's four starting pitchers only Joe Coleman, at 26, is on the low side of 30. Mickey Lolich and Woodie Fryman are 33, Jim Perry 37. Catcher Bill Freehan is 32 and at a low ebb; he batted in only 29 runs last season.

What's more, Campbell goes to the meetings painfully aware that Detroit's farm system has not turned up a Rookie of the Year since Harvey Kuenn in 1953—indeed, he has been the only one in Tiger history—and that many Michiganders are still displeased about the firing of Billy Martin as manager. Ralph Houk has burned his Yankee bridges and is the new Detroit skipper. Dick Williams has burned his Bay Bridges and is

*continued*



HOVIE OF PROMISE: DANNY MEYER, 25, AT INSTRUCTIONAL GAME WITH WIFE

## Anyone finding fountain of youth, call Detroit

In the meantime, the Tigers attempt to solve the age problem with a crash program designed to force-feed their own young

the Yankee manager-elect. Oakland Owner Charlie Finley, who wants some Yankee compensation for having to give up Williams, completes a triangle that is taking American League President Joe Cronin a mile's age to sort out.

Which brings us back to the question of why Campbell was in Florida watching Instructional League baseball and talking long and late with Hoot Evers, the director of player development, Ed Katalinas, the director of player procurement, Vice-President Rick Ferrell and Superscout Jack Tighe. In the spot he was in, Campbell needed a youth fix—the sight of kids with Tigers in bold letters on their uniforms belting the ball with authority.

Through the years Detroit has had good teams in the Instructional League, which makes it all the more remarkable that so few able newcomers have made it to Tiger Stadium. Heaven knows this predicament is not due to stinginess. One

of the most prosperous organizations in baseball, the Tigers get it—and spend it; up to \$6 million a year. Last season the team's major league payroll alone was more than \$1,300,000, one of the highest in the majors if not the highest.

In view of overall expenditures, the Instructional League is something of a bargain. "It costs us between \$50,000 and \$60,000 to operate," says Campbell. "I feel it is the best money we spend all year."

Well, it would be if it would only produce. This fall there was real hope. Detroit's entry in the Instructional League was one of the best ever and Campbell feels that it might yield as many as five future major league players. "For many years," Campbell says, "we sent players to the Winter Leagues in Puerto Rico, Mexico or Venezuela, but it is tougher and tougher to get kids to go to those places now. There isn't that much money in it and many players feel that by the

time the regular season has ended they want a chance to rest. Now we concentrate on the Florida Instructional and to my mind it is working out well for a couple of reasons.

"Above all, there is no pressure on a kid. He is not playing before big crowds, and the manager can do things in these games that he wouldn't be able to do during a season in the minors. A pitcher can stay in a game—work on different pitches, say, or change his delivery—and not worry if he is knocked around or gives up runs."

Thus the Instructional League can be an ideal device with which to develop raw talent at rock-bottom costs. The players are paid only \$16 a day, from which they must pay their room, board and laundry. The season lasts from the middle of September until the middle of November and all the games are played in nice, economic sunlight.

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Dunedin this fall on a broadbacked Californian from Laguna Beach named Danny Meyer. Youth he has. He is 21 but looks 18 and has a comely brunette wife who would be a knockout at a sock hop. Best of all, he is a promising left-handed hitter.

"You don't pay that much attention to batting averages here," Meyer said. "I keep my own batting average and figure it out every day. I'm hitting .340 now but I have tailed off a little bit in the last week or so."

Among those not so nonchalant about averages is Campbell, who knows that Meyer is one of the few batsmen in recent years to hit .400 anywhere. He did it in last year's Instructional League, and came close with a .396 for Bristol in the Appalachian League in 1972.

Fielding is another matter. "My problem," Meyer says, "is finding a position. I was signed two years ago as a second baseman but I have also played

third, first and in the outfield. Next year I hope to be advanced to Detroit's Triple A team at Evansville. I have to be honest and say that this season, when I played with Lakeland in the Class A Florida State League, I had some fielding problems."

This year Meyer also had to face up to a shift, a rare experience for a young hitter. It shows unusual respect by the opposition for his bat—and may be a hint that Meyer could vault past Evansville all the way to Tiger Stadium. "I struggled and struggled against it," he said, "and kept hitting the ball right where they were playing me. But near the end of the year I started to get the ball to the opposite field. Then the hits began to come."

He paused and in all seriousness added, "I have a feeling that the Tigers are about ready for a youth movement. I very much want to be a part of it."

So, surely, does Ralph Houk, although

he has been peddling the standard line that the Tiger veterans are still capable of winning. Like everyone else, he knows that Baltimore recaptured the division championship by infusing youth into an aging team, and winning means beating Baltimore.

When he quit in New York, Houk said he had gone as far as he could with the Yankee players. What he did not, and will not, say is that the new octopus ownership had perhaps stuck one tentacle too many into his handling of the team. A story persists, for example, that General Partner George Steinbrenner sent a memo to him one day saying that players X, Y and Z had hair of unseemly length and would forthwith have it cut—designating the players by the numbers on their uniforms in his apparent ignorance of their names.

As Houk takes over in Detroit his first problem will be finding players with enough hair to cut. **END**

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color TV  
needs  
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repairs?**

**TV service  
technicians  
say Zenith.  
Again.**

For the second consecutive year, a nationwide survey of independent TV service technicians named Zenith, by more than 2 to 1 over the next best brand, as needing fewest repairs.

**QUESTION:** In general, of the brands you are familiar with, which one would you say requires the fewest repairs?

**ANSWERS:**

|         |     |
|---------|-----|
| Zenith  | 35% |
| Brand A | 14% |
| Brand B | 11% |
| Brand C | 5%  |
| Brand D | 3%  |
| Brand E | 3%  |
| Brand F | 2%  |
| Brand G | 2%  |
| Brand H | 2%  |
| Brand I | 1%  |



Other Brands 3%. About Equal 1%. Don't Know 1%

1987. Answers total more than 100% because some voters may have voted for more than one brand. Source: Zenith Electronics Corp.

**ZENITH**

The quality goes in  
before the name goes on.

TENNIS/Jerry Kirshenbaum

## Aussies cancel Czechs

Rod Laver led the Australian Davis Cup team—a geriatric brigade of millionaires—past Czechoslovakia and on to the U.S. for the finals

I t was certainly the oldest—and richest—Davis Cup team ever, and most people would say it was the best. Ken Rosewall, 39, Mal Anderson, 38, Rod Laver, 35, and John Newcombe, at 29 the baby of the team, were picked to play for Australia against Czechoslovakia in the interzone semifinals, held at Melbourne's Kooyong Stadium last week. The winners would go on to Cleveland to meet the Americans in the finals on Nov. 30. If the Australians won, it would be their first chance to retrieve the precious trophy that had been lost to the U.S. in 1968.

Australian Prime Minister Gough Whitlam, who has been trying to win back ownership of Australia's natural resources from the international companies that now own them, sent a telegram to cup Captain Neale Fraser asking him to help. "Please inform our prodigal stars it's time for the Davis Cup to return to its rightful place," said the prime minister. "We won't be satisfied with anything but 100% Australian equity."

The matches were expected to be a very one-sided affair. Even Jan Kodes, the star of the Czech team, did not sound confident when he arrived in Melbourne. "We are going to fight, that's for sure," he insisted, "but we are not expecting to win." It was no wonder he felt that way. The Australian team was an embarrassment of riches. The selectors spent a lot of time trying to decide which two of the formidable trio of Laver, Rosewall and Newcombe would play singles for Australia, and they had Anderson to consider when choosing the doubles team. The newspapers had good fun talking about the wealthy athletes, and even Fraser joked, "It's a heck of a thing when you have to drop a millionaire." Drop one they did, and maybe the richest of them all, Laver and Newcombe won the coveted singles spots, and Rosewall, his hair as thick and

dark as it was when he played in his first Davis Cup match 20 years ago, managed only a place on the doubles team.

Newcombe had been an easy choice for a singles position, but it was Laver's victory in the Australian Indoors tournament held in Sydney the previous week that had given him the nod over Rosewall. Laver had not played for three months earlier this year because of a back injury and he had arrived in Australia, his first trip home in three years, with only a hope that he would actually get to play in the Davis Cup again. "There's still something special about the Davis Cup," he said, "and I think all the boys are excited about recapturing it."

The Czechoslovak captain, Antonin Bolardt, was not optimistic, but neither was he completely discouraged. "The Australian team has famous players, and they are very experienced, but our players are young and maybe they can surprise them. I think there will be some surprises." And when it got down to the nitty-gritty, the Australians would walk onto the court armed only with tennis rackets to attack the Czechs. Blank statements and championship trophies would be useless weapons.

The first match pitched Laver against Kodes, and it seemed to be the lone question mark—the only match that might keep Australia from a total rout. Kodes had the respect of the Australians because of his Wimbledon victory and his fine showing against Newcombe in the finals at Forest Hills, and Laver was considered the team's weak link. Laver turned out to be not the weak link, but the linchpin that kept the "unbeatable" Australian team from falling apart. In his first Davis Cup match in 11 years the bandy-legged Laver beat Kodes, who is eight years his junior, 6-3, 7-5, 7-5. At the end of the match, with no sign of his back trouble, La-

continued



# Share America's Whiskey.



When you head out for a Christmas party in the country, sometimes you find the roads aren't plowed.

Sometimes you find there aren't any roads.

But no matter. A little snow won't hold you back. Not when the lodge is just around the bend. Where the fire is crackling, and a turkey's turning on the spit.

It's a time when old friends make new friends, and everyone shares the joy of the season.

It's a time when all over America, people share the friendly taste of Seagram's 7 Crown. Not only as a gift, but in the holiday drinks they serve.

Seagram's 7 is America's favorite whiskey. Especially for America's favorite time of year.



**Give Seagram's 7 Crown.  
It's America's favorite.**



ver said, "I could have gone 10 sets."

Laver's victory made the early predictions of a 5-0 win for Australia look good, and Newcombe came onto the Kooyong court ready to wipe up young Jiri Hrebec, a virtually unknown player whose most important victory was a win over his teammate Kodes last month at the Prague Grand Prix. The Australian team had watched the 23-year-old Czech practicing earlier in the week and was unimpressed. But Hrebec must have left all of his mistakes on the practice court. Newcombe, who earlier had observed that Hrebec did not "have much of a serve," regretted the remark before the first set was over. In the eighth game Hrebec blasted in four straight aces and threw Newcombe so off strike that he never recovered. The Czech won 6-4, 8-10, 6-4, 7-5, and the matches were suddenly tied.

Before the ball for the last point had even hit the ground Hrebec had jumped two feet in the air, arms stretched to the

sky and racket thrown away in glorious excitement. "It was the best I have ever served," he said of his 14 aces, and it was the best match he ever played. Although Newcombe was certainly off his game, Hrebec made him look much worse than he really was. "You don't know how hard that kid hits the ball," said Newcombe. "He surprised us all." Hrebec was himself surprised. "I only gave myself a 30% chance of winning," said the youngster from Prague who has been playing tennis since he was nine. He almost gave up tennis for soccer at an early age, but his father, a first-class soccer player who had to quit because of knee injuries, talked him into concentrating on tennis, a noncontact sport.

All week long Australians had been struggling with the name Jiri Hrebec, and it was only after his victory over Newcombe that they made an effort to pronounce it properly. You say it "Year-gee Sheb-betz," and tennis fans probably will have numerous occasions to use it

in years to come—from Wimbledon to Forest Hills.

On Saturday, Laver was back, partnering Kenny Rosewall in the doubles against Kodes and Vladimir Zednik, the big man of the Czech team at 6'4" and 220 pounds. Zednik's serve kept the Czechs in the game, but again it was Laver who saved the day. He played strong, consistent tennis, never losing his serve and bolstering Rosewall, who looked unsure in his play. The Australians won 6-4, 14-12, 7-9, 8-6 to make it 2-1 in the series.

On the final day Hrebec proved his victory over Newcombe was no fluke. A capacity crowd of 11,800 filled Kooyong with wild cheers and enthusiastic applause as the young Czech made Laver work for every point. Laver fought through five hard sets over three hours in the November heat to pull out a victory at 5-7, 6-3, 6-4, 4-6, 6-4.

Hrebec's game showed no weaknesses, and he played with confidence that belied his lack of experience. His serve was



CNA Insurance, 310 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Illinois 60604, Continental Casualty Co., American Casualty Co., National Fire Insurance Co. of Hartford.

strong and true, his ground strokes were hit with authority and well placed, and he amazed his opponent by returning shots that Laver thought were winners. The youngster never let up the pressure and never gave up on any point. It was Laver's experience and all the wonderful abilities that had given him two grand slams that finally won for Australia. Laver's 35 years never betrayed him, and he finished the match still fresh enough to chat with newsmen over a beer while young Hrebec went straight to the masseur's table.

Some of the press, caught unawares by Hrebec's fine play, mused about subjecting him to a saliva test. Laver seemed to agree. "I wish I knew what he is on," he joked. "I'd like some, too." Somehow, Rod really did not seem to need anything. His hair may be a bit thinner and is about six inches longer than it was in the days when he played under Harry Hopman, but the skills were still there and the aging legs held out. Laver

claimed that the Australians expected to have a difficult time against the Czechs, but he admitted it was Kodes, not Hrebec, who was supposed to provide the difficulties. "We knew we were going to have a tough match," said the Rocket, "but we didn't know how tough. We'll probably see a lot of good tennis in the future from Hrebec." Kodes never came through at all. In the final match Newcombe beat him 6-2, 6-2, 6-4 to give Australia a 4-1 edge.

Laver was glad Czechoslovakia was no walkover. "It's good to win a tough one," he said. "It will really boost my confidence in the next two weeks." The victory at Melbourne has boosted the confidence of the whole Australian squad, and the American team is going to have a fight on its hands trying to keep the cup. "We must be considered to have the better team," says Laver, and on paper he certainly seems right, particularly since the Davis Cup final will be held indoors for the first time. Laver, New-

combe and Rosewall have more experience than almost any other players in the world on indoor surfaces, and they all perform very well indoors.

The Australians are so happy about playing in Cleveland that Wayne Reid, president of the Lawn Tennis Association of Australia, threw out a challenge to the Americans to use anyone they wanted, even Arthur Ashe and Cliff Richey, who are not eligible because of professional contracts. "We want to beat the best and we invite the Americans to play whoever they like in the final," he said. Whoever the Americans pick—and Stan Smith is obviously No. 1—Neale Fraser thinks his team can beat them. "We've never had three players of this caliber together at one time. Rosewall is better than he was 20 years ago, Newcombe is better than he was 10 years ago, and Laver is as great as he has ever been." The geriatric brigade from Down Under is headed this way and it is not planning to go home empty-handed. **END**

## For years, health insurance wasn't available to those who needed it most.

### Until that day CNA made news in Iowa.

The year was 1957. People who needed hospital and medical insurance the most, people 65 and over, were the ones who found it least available everywhere. Everywhere, but Iowa. Because there, in the September 8, 1957 edition of the Des Moines Sunday Register, Continental Casualty Company, a member company of CNA/insurance, placed an ad. The headline? "Now! A Plan that Pays Hospital Bills for Anyone 65 and Over . . . No medical exam! No health questions! Nothing like it ever before!"

Two days later, the Register's editorial page commented, "An interesting experiment is starting in Iowa. The Continental Casualty Company of Chicago, Ill., announced . . . that it would provide health insurance protection for elderly people who most need such protection but who find it most difficult to obtain." Thus was recorded the beginning of '65-Plus,' or Golden 65 as it is now known. For the first time in an entire state men and women 65 and over—regardless of their past medical history—were able to purchase hospital insurance at costs they could afford.

Today, tens of thousands, including people under 65, own health and accident insurance policies purchased from CNA and other companies through mass enrollment techniques. Coverage that affords the best value for each insurance dollar.

Offering such coverage is what made us a part of a growing three and a half billion dollar corporation. Growing because we've got special skills to write insurance where others can't. Or won't. And the special kind of people and CNA agents. People who write insurance to set precedents. To go where insurance never was. Do what insurance never did. And do it better than anyone else.

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GOING OUT



WITH A BANG

CONTINUED

*From the time of Davy Crockett, America was enthralled by sharpshooting, but the razzle-dazzle is gone and only one man is left making his mark* *by J. D. REED*



he 7 mm. expanding point slug explodes a cabbage head, turning it to green snow. Vaporized grapefruit juice hangs in the humid air. A moth-ball turns to powder, big automobile bodywashers zing out of sight making ghostly noises.

The photographer, an Italian from New York's Lower East Side who thinks shotguns are used only for holdups, staggers sideways holding his ears. Cordite residue enters the pores of the spectators. Plastic wadding hails down on heads and on the car roofs, and the only sound between the authoritative muzzle reports of the full-choked 12-gauge shotguns is the clink of brass shell casings chipping the lenses of Decot shooting glasses.

This is not a contract killing in a vegetable market but a demonstration of shooting skill and instinctive reaction called "The Power of the Gun." Bob Allen, 53, an 11-time member of the All America Trap Shooting Team, and his son Matt, 15, are performing between thunderstorms at a National Guard summer camp near Des Moines. It is one of those July days on the Plains when the sky is made of nicotine in aspic. You could poach an egg in your handkerchief. A few rats have drowned in the nearby hand-grenade practice pits, and local weather watchers predict that if the rains continue the few cattle still being fattened under the last spasms of Phase IV will be swept away into the flooded rivers. It is here on the unpredictable and sightless Plains, where the horizon is a giant cuticle, that a sport has come home to die. For it was space, the vastas of the pioneers, that spawned trick shooting, and it is to space that its last practitioners return.

Bob Allen is the one remaining professional to perform trick and fancy shooting in public demonstrations. He appears at county fairs, before police boys' clubs and almost anywhere else that he is given a chance with his son to exhibit this nearly lost mixture of show business, shooting skill and fluid instinct.

The audience is composed of a few National Guardsmen, the base commander and his grandson, and the mandatory old guy who keeps muttering, "... done better by Parsons in '47." The Guardsmen would have preferred to go home and resume their telephone-lineman jobs and get out of the heat and their grimy fatigues. But Bob Allen's pauper and ability with rifles and shotguns have them hunkered down on the brown grass staring at the sky.

Bob and Matt Allen get up their table of targets, ammunition and firearms in the traditional trick shooter's way. The table is covered with a red Pendleton blanket decorated with badges and emblems that show participation in





events like the Nebraska one-box pheasant hunt. The smaller the event the larger seems its patch. The whole thing looks as if it were a merit-badge sash for some impossible Eagle Scout.

From the trunk of Allen's Cadillac comes an impressive array of hardware. The efficient Remington nylon-stock .22s, a big Remington 7 mm. rifle, a smattering of Brownings, the magnificent and tight Krieghoff skeet and trap guns and two shotguns that should go into the Museum of Modern Art's design collection, the new Weatherby automatics and pumps. The guns are worth more than two cars. And the engravings of roebucks and alert woodcock on the silver trigger guards make Donatello's *St. John* look like handcraft. If the guns were never shot, if they just lay there all day in the hot air and humidity, it would almost be enough.

The Allens line up double rows of targets by size. One of the tricks of this sort of shooting is warming up. You shoot a few big 2½-inch wooden blocks and work down to the smaller, more difficult targets. The array on the red blanket looks as if Julia Child were about to make some goofy Provençal compote: cabbages, grapefruits, lemons, eggs, golf balls, mothballs, aspirins. Aspirins? And we all thought that if we could shoot a squirrel from the bedroom window through the screen we were doing well. The collection of odd targets also includes auto body-washers, traditional clay pigeons filled with lampblack, coins and gasoline jugs.


The Allens take up positions, one on each side of their smorgasbord. Young Matt begins to knock off some wooden blocks while Bob turns loose a fast patter on the crowd. He explains that the power of the gun is awesome and that respect for firearms is the prime attitude in handling them. Meanwhile, Matt is working through a stack of auto washers and nickels. Bob picks up a .22 and dispatches a variety of small targets.

The action is fluid and apparently simple. The shooter throws the target up with his left hand, follows through to grasp the barrel, tracks, leads and shoots the target. It is done in split seconds. The target goes almost straight up to a height of 10 to 20 feet.

"Instinct shooting" is the technical name for what the Allens practice, but as always, when a professional tells you that he works by instinct, there are years of hard work, knowledge and training behind that deceptively simple swing of the barrel. It is a response so deeply ingrained it approaches the Zen archery of Japan in which the *medulla oblongata* and the DNA in the muscle cells have picked up the correct target-leading distance. The brain is necessarily absent. A man in France is claiming to have invented instinct shooting, but it is hard to say anyone did. Maybe the first gunfighter in the Old West who drew and fired without consciously saying "aim" to himself invented it.

The performance picks up. Bob grabs a shotgun. Matt picks up the 7 mm. rifle. They begin blasting the large fruit and vegetables. Allen drives a golf ball straight up out of sight with a 12-gauge shotgun. As they prepare for the finale, exploding jugs of gasoline that make spectacular fireballs, Allen holds up two bullets to the crowd, a .22 short and the deadly 7 mm. magnum. He explains the differences.

continued

A man in a teal suit and striped tie stands next to a large, brown ram with curved horns. They are in a surreal, colorful landscape with pink and blue clouds and a green bird flying in the background. The man is looking towards the camera with a slight smile.

## The baggie mocc slip-on

Don't stay down on your heels. Step up in the world. With the Baggie Mocc Slip-On. By Rand. Rising to the occasion on our new high-standing, he-manning kind of a heel. Perfect for baggies. And the flare. For those who dare. Most styles \$16.00 to \$25.00

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Assistants have set plastic gallon jugs of gasoline over newspaper fires in metal barrels. They run for the safety of the hand-grenade pits.

Bob and Matt, side by side, fire the big loads into the jugs. With a delightful whoosh! miniature Nagasaki erupt in the humid air. The heat is intense. Insects drop all around. The photographer is screaming that he missed the shot. His auto-drive Nikon was set up behind the gasoline, and in his fear that a 15-year-old boy was pointing a huge-bore rifle at the lens he forgot to touch off the remote-control shutter release. The shot will have to be redone. But the crowd, sweating, orange-faced, is satisfied.

It makes one wonder, standing there in dead insects, black smoke and the littered salad of exploded food, what possible demonology possesses otherwise sane men and women to shoot at things that can be thrown into the air before crowds of gamblers. Trick- and fancy-shooting demonstrations were plentiful (and profitable) into the 1950s. Held on fairgrounds and at sportsmen's shows around the country, shooting demonstrations drew large and appreciative crowds. Most of the professionals were in the employ of large arms manufacturers, but the expense of supporting these shooters was finally too much for the gun companies. They threw their advertising badges into high-powered, opulent magazine advertisements as a better way to reach the shooting public. And public opinion has turned against gun sport to some extent. The slaughter of public figures, the unearthing of mass graves, Vietnam, have dulled our appreciation of marksmanship and excellence in shooting.

From the early 19th century through World War II, the come-on for shooting shows like the Allens' was simply a "see-what-I-can-do" attitude. The use and function of firearms was well enough implanted in the public mind that no further explanation was necessary. But as the old pros faded out in the face of new attitudes, Allen stayed contemporary. He began calling his act "The Power of the Gun," which brings out both the old-fashioned fascination of man with the fire stick and emphasizes the more modern concern with gun safety.

One of the values of history, if it is valuable at all anymore, is to remember pro-

cesses that are no longer practiced—the way a whale gets raised from the water or the use of tools to split shingles. In its flashy way, the rise and fall of trick and fancy shooting parallels the rise and fall of the American West. The beginnings of trick and fancy shooting follow a familiar pattern: the professionalizing of enjoyment.

In the early 19th century holiday turkey shoots, squirrel "barking" and muzzle-loader contests were natural celebrations for frontiersmen whose lives and livelihood depended heavily on firearms. Popularized by men like Boone and Crockett, the ability to shoot well was necessary, and friendly competition—or the not-so-friendly kind—was natural, the way lumberjacks today still have log-rolling contests long after the necessity to walk on floating logs has disappeared.

By the 1850s things were getting fancy. The shooting of live pigeons in contests, nail driving at 50 yards, candle snuffing and "drawing pictures" were popular shooting sports. And back East the tales of frontier prowess were generating interest. The outsize myths that grew around the gaunt, misty figures of gamblers, gamblers, buffalo skimmers and Indian campaigners were rampant forms of a national hysteria of self-interest. The good folks of Philadelphia and Kansas City wanted to hear the roar of the Winchester and feel the buck of the buffalo gun.

Since buffalo were scarce in Philadelphia and killing Indians was prohibited within the city limits, sharpshooters began to make a living entertaining the public had to find something else to shoot. And for every better mousetrap, there's an inventor.

His name was Captain Adam H. Bogardus. He had been a market hunter in Illinois, and in 1869 the good captain shot 500 pigeons with a single muzzle-loader in less than nine hours. Bogardus shot well and often. By the next year he issued a challenge: "to any man in America to shoot a pigeon match, 50 single and 50 double rives, for from \$500 to \$5,000 a side." He soon began calling himself "The Champion Wing Shot of the World" and burnvorned the Midwest like a broken heavyweight offering the old "one-round-with-the-champ" routine.

Bogardus was no slouch as an entertainer.

## The Gift...

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They're people in business for themselves. Doctors, lawyers and shopkeepers who work twelve to fourteen hours a day to make a success of something.

Unfortunately, they're like too many people who worry about the future of their business, and forget they have a future of their own.

These are the people the government, and The Travelers, are trying to help through a plan called HR-10. It can save the small businessman money he would otherwise pay in Federal income taxes.

It's a tax break. A legitimate tax break, designed to provide a decent retirement benefit for

any self-employed person and the people who work for them.

Because the day will come when the man who runs his own business might like to slow down or step aside.

And when that time comes, he ought to be able to do it.



THE TRAVELERS

prising capitalist, either. He patented the glass balls that he used as targets when he wasn't shooting pigeon, and the trap that threw them. The hordes that watched his performances bought these items at an amazing rate. The sport continued in different ways to sell the equipment that it used. In fact, trick and fancy shooting probably has the longest run in America as a product-endorsing sport. Bogardus was making more money than Ted Williams autographing all those fiber glass gunwales.

Killing 500 pigeons in a row soon bored the captain. He wanted to set a record that would stand as truly unique. With his good show sense he rented Gilmore's Garden in New York in 1879. Bogardus would shoot at 5,000 glass balls. In less than seven hours he was done. When the smoke had cleared, Bogardus had missed only 156. The captain retired from professional shooting with a severe headache and "a roaring in my ears."

Bogardus had started a minor national craze for shooting matches and exhibitions. The mythical importance of firearms in opening and settling the West was fresh and exciting to those who had remained behind. The madness must have been like our current craze for cars: for racing them, comparing them, making movies of them. Each age has its focal machine, and if ours is the automobile, the 19th century had the carbine.

In 1868, a year before Bogardus issued his challenge to any man in America, an 8-year-old girl named Phoebe Ann Moses picked up a Kentucky long rifle and went into the woods near Greenville, Ohio to hunt squirrels for her fatherless family. At the age of 15, Phoebe Ann, who would be known as Annie Oakley, was supplying game to the tables of a plush Cincinnati hotel. She got involved in a bet between the hotel owner and a traveling vaudevillian trick shooter, Frank Butler. On Thanksgiving Day of 1875 Annie Oakley outshot Butler in a contest and began one of the strangest romances and rivalries in the history of sport, culminating in a musical.

After a few years with sleazy vaudeville acts and performing in odorous circuses, Oakley and Butler joined the Buffalo Bill Cody Wild West Show. For the next 17 years they brought the flashy arts of trick and fancy shooting to a voracious

*continued*

## "Fastest, most comfortable shave I ever got— Schick Flexamatic!"

*O.J. Simpson*



Extra  
comfortable  
because  
it flexes.

Feels  
blade-close  
because  
the head  
is thin.



CORD OR CORDLESS

**SCHICK FLEXAMATIC**

cious public. The stories are legend: how Sitting Bull, also a part of the act, adopted her after seeing her shoot: winging the ashes from Kaiser Bill's cigarette, audiences with the "crowned heads of Europe." It was the Wild West Show with its two main ingredients—Indians and firearms—that perpetuated the art of exhibition shooting.

The man who brought the art of trick shooting into the 20th century was the son of a Texas gunsmith with the impossible name of Adolph Toepperwein. Topp traveled the Butler circuit, barely making a living at vaudeville and circus shooting. On the way he was racking up live bird, skeet and trap records.

And then profit reared its necessary head. In 1901 Toepperwein was hired by the Winchester Repeating Arms Company to demonstrate its wares. Arms manufacturers had been hiring expert skeet and trap shooters for some years prior to this, but Toepperwein was the first shooter to combine the flamboyance and dash of exhibition shooting with good marksmanship. He worked for Winchester many years and formulated the basic structure of track- and fancy-shooting shows.

For Winchester, Toepperwein represented colorful advertising. The multimillion-dollar sports-endorsement industry was under way. Today we can only imagine Toepperwein on the tube in our living rooms, holding up a can of hair spray and saying something cute, like "Get the lead out of your scalp."

Like Bogardus before him, Toepperwein became enchanted by the notion of setting a record that would stand. In 1907 he shot at 51,000 2½-inch wooden blocks at the San Antonio Fair Grounds. After seven days he had missed only four and had a straight run of over 14,000. Since there was some ammunition left, Toepperwein shot at 21,500 more blocks. Total score: 72,491. He missed nine blocks in 80 days of shooting. (The current record is held by Tom Frye, a Remington pro who shot at 100,010 blocks in 1959, missing only six. But the throwers of the blocks to Frye stood at his left shoulder, lofting the blocks along his line of fire. Toepperwein's throwers stood 25 feet in front of him, lofting blocks 20 to 30 feet in the air.)

During World War I the professional shooters were called into the service to

teach gunnery and target leading. Toepperwein pulled a stunt typical of his trade. He was to demonstrate the Browning Automatic Rifle to a group of military observers. The B.A.R. is a heavy, unwieldy weapon, difficult to hold and raise above the horizontal. Toepperwein proposed to shoot at like a .22 at targets in the air. John Browning, the gun's inventor, claimed this to be impossible. Toepperwein drilled holes in 1½-inch metal discs thrown 20 feet in the air. The Army bought the B.A.R.

The years between the wars were golden for trick and fancy shooters. There was the great Billy Hill of Remington. He would throw five nested clay targets at once and break them all, alternating shoulders with each shot. Ed McGivern, the best pistol shot around, actually mastered this piece of silly fiction about aiming with a mirror. There was Dave Flannigan, the champion all-round shot of the '30s, and Ernie and Dot Lind, the Winchester husband and wife team who performed into the early 1950s.

But probably the most exciting trick shooter was the great Winchester pro, Herb Parsons. Once at a demonstration in Maine Parsons saw some crows about half a mile away, mere blurs, circling on the horizon. He picked up a .30-06 and fired. There was an explosion of black feathers. But his favorite targets were the juicy and stinky variety. He would spike a watermelon with a few sticks of ditching dynamite and blast away, or center three eggs between his legs, turn, pick up an automatic shotgun and scramble them before they hit the ground. He could break seven clay pigeons on one throw.

Boh Allen was a young traveling salesman when he first saw Parsons. "I had been shooting since I was a boy," Allen recalls, "but I was drawn to trick shooting immediately." Allen was that mythical Midwestern boy who is out with a BB gun when he's supposed to be home doing math. Hunting and a love of guns were firmly implanted in his upbringing. His fast-talking and easy-going life as a salesman gave him the necessary show-biz flair for the sport. At the beginning of World War II, when he was 21, Allen was all set to devote himself to the shooting sports of trap and skeet and live pigeon, and to practice privately on trick and fancy shooting.

*continued*

# GOOD

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## BANG

About that time the Army Air Corps began to hire professional shooters to teach scout and target leading to pilots and gunners. Allen was recruited, and after a year spent instructing he was sent to the South Pacific with a B-29 group. Of all the track shooters, champions and factory reps, he probably was the only one to see combat and to actually shoot down an enemy plane, putting to the test what shooters had been saying all along: instinct does it. Allen retired from the service as the staff gunnery officer for the entire 20th Air Force.

But a far more important event happened then that sealed his life in sports. It was a chance happening in a parachute shop on Tinian near Guam. Allen remembers: "It was broiling hot in the Plexiglas nose of a B-29. The Air Corps didn't issue any suitable headgear, and you were in danger of getting your brains fried. So one day I went over to the parachute shop, took an old pair of pants and made myself a serviceable cap on one of the sewing machines."

The cap became famous. It is difficult to find a photo of an Air Corps general of the day without one on. Flyers, and nonflyers, too, began to wear the caps as fast as Allen could make them. At the same time, he devised some shooting vests for the scout team. They worked something rare in shooting gear at the time, and word got around.

After the war, Allen found a small factory that would make caps to his specifications, and he made a living peddling these and shooting vests to sporting goods stores. His fame as a professional shooter was growing.

Allen began to take part in the premier event of shooting sports, live pigeon. Since the competition is illegal in most states, it is usually held abroad. A bird is released from one of five cages or traps inside a horseshoe-shaped fence. It is 16 yards to the fence in any direction. The bird must be dispatched and fall within the confines of the fence. In 1949 Allen reached the finals of the world championship in Monte Carlo. "The shoot was held on a specially built embankment out over the Mediterranean," Allen remembers. "There was a strong wind blowing, and it was obvious that if the bird came out of the leeward trap, he would blow over the fence before you could get off a shot."

Continued



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# THE ON





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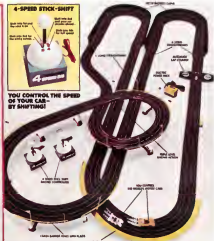
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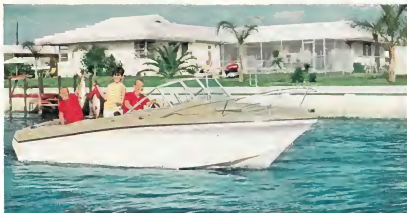
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## BANG around

Eastern U.S. and foolishly go out hunting, you come up against chain-link fences wired with those little metal signs: **PROTED—NO HUNTING.** And the prohibition is backed up by guys patrolling the perimeter on riding mowers looking fiercely passive. Now they are mining coal under Montana. Soon the Rockies will be full of aluminum siding and quadraphonic discount stores.

Space affects Allen directly. He is savagely hanging on to 13 acres at suburban Des Moines. "Maybe when my daughter goes off to college and stops raising horses, I'll let it go. But until then they're not going to break me." Allen is convinced that it is this lack of space that caused the demise of shooting exhibitions. "It used to be that you could do track shooting at a fairgrounds near a big city. It was safe. But now everything is too built up."

Even a modest 180-grain bullet from a .30-06 will travel a mile. And it is vastly difficult to find a mile in a straight line any more that some senator has not hired his brother's construction company to pave. You've got to be a Del Webb type and own mountainsides against which to shoot.

As space disappears, hunters turn to increasing numbers to the sports of skeet and trap. They can band together locally and purchase enough land for a gun club. That is the only way left to own enough puckerbush to shoot over. "The big arms companies could not find sites near enough to big population centers to make the expenses of the pro pay off," Allen sadly reflects.

But in the bright pitter of Allen's crowd-pleasing shooting, you still catch echoes of a frontier that took guns for granted. As Bob and Matt make salad of vegetables, and blow up gasoline with stunning power, we can live in a different time. For a moment, we are back there with Daniel Boone, packing up and heading over the mountains when he saw his neighbor's smoke. Now the smoke fumes at the edges of cities, and pollution alerts have replaced that luxury called movement.

As Matt Allen blasts away at aspirins, the dust floats under your nose. It may take away the pain at the passing of another form of sport, but it cannot dull the ache of the disappearance of space. We all share that, gunner or not. **END**



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## It Was a Really Bad Trip

**A**t 3:45 a.m. on Sunday, May 24, 1903 a bomb went off amidst 200,000 people gathered at Versailles, just outside Paris. It signaled the beginning of an automobile race, not a revolution, but the results were similar. Before the day was over, eight persons had been killed, many more badly hurt, and wreckage strewn the road from Paris to Bordeaux. The French government went into emergency session, followed by that of Spain. Almost incidentally, the surviving cars set new speed records and inaugurated modern auto racing.

Newspapers had billed the Paris-Madrid race of 1903 as one of the great spectacles in sports history. Scheduled to be run in three stages (Paris-Bordeaux-Vitoria-Madrid), it drew cars and drivers from all over Europe and America, including, for the first time, several factory teams. Two hundred and five cars made it to the starting line, ranging in size from 550 to more than 2,200 pounds and in horsepower all the way up to the 90-hp behemoths entered by Mercedes of Germany. Most had huge wooden artillery wheels with skinny high-pressure tires, rudimentary springing and, since they were chain driven, brakes only on the flywheel.

The first car off was a French Diederichs driven by an experienced English racer, Charles Jarrott. It was scheduled to start at 3:30, but Jarrott prudently delayed for a quarter of an hour until it was at last light enough to see the road. Spectators jammed it, and Jarrott quickly decided that "the danger was as great at 40 miles an hour as at 80; it merely meant that the crowd waited a longer time in the road." He drove one-handed, as he had to use the other to keep the clutch lever engaged, while his mechanic needed both hands to operate the emergency lubricating oil pump throughout the race. All the while, the spectators exhorted Jarrott to drive faster, to keep ahead of the hated German cars. Jarrott complied, hurling the Diederichs into curves he had never seen before at 80 mph, even after the spokes of his front wheels shrank in the heat and popped in their sockets. At least Jarrott could see where he was going; the other cars,

started at one-minute intervals, had to negotiate the gravelled road in blinding dust.

Although Jarrott had to stop several times for repairs, he was passed only by Louis Renault, who forced his little 30-hp car to an incredible 88.75 mph and averaged 62 mph for the 343 miles from Paris to Bordeaux. (At the time the world record for the flying kilometer was only 77.13 mph.) Less than an hour later Renault's record was smashed by M. Gabriel in a 70-hp Mercedes which averaged more than 65 mph. Gabriel's was a truly magnificent piece of driving: starting in 81st place, it was necessary for him to weave his way through cars, wrecks, dust and wandering spectators.

The crowd in Bordeaux was ecstatic, as the first three cars to finish the initial day's run were all French. But the festive mood changed as rumors, then official reports, came in of many wrecks, injuries and deaths. This was something new: the eight-year-old sport of auto racing had had no previous fatalities and few serious wrecks. Louis Renault's brother Marcel had smashed into a tree. Louis rushed to his brother's deathbed, announcing that all Renault team cars were withdrawn from the race. Near Châtelleraut a child had dashed in front of another car; a soldier tried to rescue her, but the machine struck them both, plowed into the crowd and overturned, killing a mechanic and several spectators. An English driver's car hit a dog, then a tree at 60 mph and simply disintegrated, killing both driver and mechanic. The gala celebration Bordeaux had planned for the evening was quietly called off.

Within a few hours the French government canceled the remainder of the race. Incredibly, some drivers decided to proceed to the Spanish border and there take up the race anew, but the Spanish government added its prohibition. Thus ended the greatest auto race the world had yet seen.

In the aftermath the American sportsman William K. Vanderbilt seemed concerned mainly that his courage would be questioned; he informed reporters that mechanical difficulties, not the carnage on the highway, made him quit. *The New*

*York Times* editorialized that Vanderbilt's concern showed a certain lack of perspective. Truer courage was shown by the only woman driver in the race, Mme. du Gast. Starting 17th, she fought her way up to 12th by the time she reached Chartres. Then she abandoned the race to give first aid to one of her injured competitors.

The bloodletting was probably inevitable. Although the French government had provided 10,000 soldiers and policemen for crowd control, these were far too few to handle the two million spectators who lined both sides of a road nearly 350 miles long. And the road itself was built for horses, not autos. Shortly after the race was canceled the president of the Middle European Automobile Association, the Count of Talleyrand-Périgord, said it was madness to drive on most roads at more than 18 mph, and no road in the world was capable of speeds of 60 mph. Furthermore, few of the drivers had ever driven the course before, and even fewer were in any sense professionals.

The first great road race, run over the same Paris-Bordeaux route in 1895, had been won with an average speed of 15 mph. Very different, noted the *Savannah American*, was the 1903 race, where any wealthy amateur could run a "ventable locomotive" at speeds of 50 to 80 miles an hour. "English newspapers called it the 'race to death,'" and *The New York Times* claimed that the United States, because it had speed limits, had proved itself "more civilized" than France. Inevitably there were calls for the abolition of auto racing.

Yet the shock of the May 24 slaughter quickly wore off. The Gordon Bennett Trophy race was held on July 2 as scheduled and, as *Mauve's Magazine* noted, its lack of fatalities and bad wrecks "silenced the croakers." But it was held in a lightly populated part of Ireland, over a closed circuit, with spectators expertly controlled by the Irish police. And all drivers had to qualify before being allowed to race.

There was really little danger that auto racing would be prohibited, for by 1903 the prestige of too many manufacturers and too much national pride were involved. Besides, within a short time the public was, to say the least, quite used to deaths among automobile race drivers and spectators.

—NEIL R. STOUT



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# Las Vegas



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Moving right along.

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# 19<sup>TH</sup> HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

## ATLANTA SHARPSHOOTER SAYS

Your Nov. 12 cover photo of Pistol Pete Maravich was the best you have ever had, and the article *He's Shooting the Works* munched it. But the most spectacular, by far, was the shot on page 26 of the Pistol in action. That photo captured everything Maravich is. You can almost feel the excitement. I keep waiting for the ball to fall in. The Pistol is having a fantastic year.

JEAN BAILEY AND

Alexandria, Va.

Sirs,

I was ecstatic to see an article about my idol, Pistol Pete Maravich. In my eyes he is the biggest sensation in basketball and deserves the title of superstar. I have been an avid fan of the Pistol since his glory days at LSU. Since then he has taken a lot of abuse from the press, not to mention the stubborn fan who says a good basketball player should not be a hot dog. Admittedly, Maravich has

that characteristic, but that is his game and he excels at it. Basketball is more exciting, thanks to him.

CHARLES CHABAN

Pittsburgh

Sirs,

Anyone who can handle all of the hardships Pistol Pete went through should have received the Rookie of the Year award just for his determination. Now Maravich is having his best season and, barring injuries, he probably will do for pro basketball what he did for the college game. He definitely is a step ahead of the other players.

KEVIN RUNNER

Herkimer, N.Y.

## LOCAL TALENTS

Sirs,

My compliments to Rick Telander for his excellent article *They Always Go Home Again* (Nov. 12). His writing painted a vivid and realistic picture of some of the incomparable

athletic ability to be found on New York's playgrounds. When I was a student in Peoria, Ill., Telander was the star at a rival high school. He was all-everything, but in addition he was a very friendly person who always had a hello for everybody. Now I am happy to see SI taking advantage of his wit and insight.

DAN BOHRO

La Mesa, Calif.

Sirs,

*They Always Go Home Again* truly characterized the excitement and mystique of playground basketball. Every city has its own local talents, some of whom make it big while others remain as heroes in the hearts of local spectators. My old high school playground in Pittsburgh spawned much of the same. It was not uncommon to see Connie Hawkins saunter onto the court during the summer months in the days when he was playing for the Pittsburgh team in the old ABA. Other stars such as Ken Durrett, Wil-

(continued)



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### 15TH HOLE continued

lie Somerset, Greg (Stretch) Howard, Brian Generalovich, Walt Mangham and Jim McCoy made frequent appearances. However, there was one special player whom nobody outside of our basketball zone knew except by reputation. He was a 5'3" butcher in his late 20s or early 30s named Bernie Greenberg. He was usually the first pick and had moves and passes that continue to mystify everyone who has ever seen him play. With his butcher hat falling as he squirmed his way toward the basket, he was one of our playground's superstars and certainly my "main man." As Rick Telander has aptly said, playground basketball is not just a game but a way of living.

DAVID VALINSKY

Milwaukee

### KICKS (CONT.)

Sirs,

I was chagrined upon reading Tex Maule's article (*In It Just for Kicks*, Nov. 5) about the plethora of field goals in the NFL today. Mr. Maule, regrettably, used this opportunity to take yet another cheap shot at the old AFL. His statement that the established NFL had a monopoly on the good defensive players was a slight upon the quality of the "other league." While it is true that defensive backs like Lem Barney and Herb Adderley played in the NFL, it is tremendously unfair for Maule, in one sentence, to negate the contributions of players such as Willie Brown, Johnny Robinson, Dave Grayson and others. Maule's contention that allegedly "inferior" coverage in the secondary gave birth to the zone defense ignores the possibility that the AFL possessed the outstanding quarterbacks and receivers of the day. No Morrill or Kapp (the NFL's Super Bowl quarterbacks of 1968 and 1969) could possibly rate with Namath, Dawson, Lamonia or Hadl. Equally so, Don Maynard, Otis Taylor, Lance Alworth and Fred Biletnikoff were easily the finest receivers of that time, and they, too, played in the AFL. Did it not occur to Maule that superior offensive play was a primary reason for the creation of zone defenses in the old AFL?

Tex Maule ought to wake up to the fact that the American Football League was not inferior; he should also refrain from his repeated cheap shots at the quality of play therein. The Jets really did beat the Colts that day, Tex, and the next year Kansas City did outclass Minnesota.

PAUL M. SCHACHTMAN

New York City

Sirs,

I agree with Maule's idea of returning the ball to the line of scrimmage after a missed field goal from outside the 20-yard line, along with outlawing the fair catch. However, the field goal is not the only part of the kicking game that has become boring. The point af-

continued

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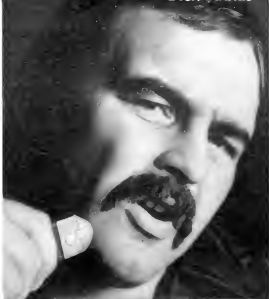


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CORD OR CORDLESS

## SCHICK FLEXAMATIC

### 19TH HOLE *continued*

ter touchdown is so commonplace that hardly anyone even watches it anymore. By far the best solution to this would be to reinstate the two-point conversion in pro football.

NATHAN HANNAH

Tucson

### ARA GO BEACH

Sirs,

The article by Pat Pinnam ("Tiger & Great Day for Irish," Nov. 5) provided excellent insights into the electrically charged atmosphere that was pervading all week at Notre Dame and proved highly combustible on game day.

Not only was Anthony Davis shut off, as was the Southern California ground game that netted only 68 yards, but save for one big play that produced a score, Quarterback Pat Haden was consistently checked. It was poetic justice that the stem of 23 games without defeat by USC came to a grand halt at South Bend, the one where it had been originally spawned. Let's hear it for Ara—a great big "Ara go beagh!"

FRANK R. WAYNE

Los Alamitos, Calif.

Sirs,

My congratulations to Notre Dame. Once again they have overcome a vicious one-game schedule.

EDWARD AELYN

Chicago

### DON'T KNOCK WORST

Sirs,

I am glad to see a rating for the kind of college football I'm familiar with, namely the Worst of the Worst (*When You Stand on Your Head, Syracuse Is No. 1*, Oct. 29). However, if justice is to be served, then Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute deserves a choice place on the list. Here are some examples: 1) The Engineers have produced one of football's longest winless streaks that ended in 1965 after 43 games and included 34 straight losses; 2) Even when RPI scored its greatest number of points in recent memory, 43, it still couldn't win. 3) Two years ago, boasting the leading small-college passer and receiver, Bob Barch and Katie Korman, they scored to a stunning 4-5 season; 4) That year, utilizing one of their favorite strategies, the fourth-quarter fold, the Engineers craved into the final period leading 27-0. They pulled themselves together, though, and staged a brilliant come-from-ahead defeat, 27-28.

Not content to rest on past glory, however, the team started this year with a new coach, high hopes and a five-game losing streak. It was not until their third game that they scored their first point. A month ago, facing a team that had not scored a point all season, the Engineers graciously let the opposition score first but still went into the

*continued*



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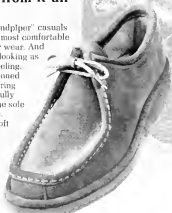
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## 18TH HOLE

fourth quarter leading 14-3. Quickly going into the now-famous final-period flop, they lost 14-18. Two weeks ago against St. Lawrence they again snatched defeat from the jaws of victory. Leading 17-6 with seven minutes to go, they managed to lose 17-19.

BET DAVINS

Troy, N.Y.

Sirs,

Steve Harvey is a favorite of all my contemporaries. We in the class of '71 are saddened to see Brown's failure to hit the Worst Ten this season. But we have faith that we will return to Harvey's fold, though it doesn't look as if we will make much of a run at the top for bottom, as you wish.

Seriously, the games were always fun, and winning a sporting event, or losing, is not one's whole life. The humility of losing is, in many ways, a more valuable lesson to learn.

DAVID E. MORLAN

Bellevue, Wash.

## OUT OF THE CHAIR

Sirs,

I was just set to relax after a hard day at the office when you upset the whole thing. You printed that misty-eyed look at softball *Ch's Workmen's Compensation*, Nov. 5. Thirty-five years ago there were no Little Leagues, Babe Ruth or Pony leagues because every small-town kid played softball and managed to play it with any old bat and ball he could get his hands on and in any vacant lot he didn't get run off of. You could do that with a softball but not the hardball—that was for Chicago and the Cubs. But today every one of my old softball buddies must be sitting uneasily somewhere, a copy of 58 in one hand and an urge to get out of that comfortable chair and onto the sandlot once again. My thanks to Keith Mano.

MARVIN KUTSAL

Murphyboro, Ill.

Sirs,

A great thing about softball is the many-faceted personalities of its players and fans. The loyal troops of players' wives, girl friends, children and just plain old fans generate almost as much excitement as do the individuals who play the game. The greatest thing about softball is that it truly is a game that can be played and witnessed by all kinds of people.

CHUCK MAYNARD

Pullman, Wash.

Sirs,

Fast-pitch softball is major league entertainment only if you're thrilled by strikeouts. The complete domination of the game by the pitchers is the main reason why it has faded in popularity. Five years ago 70% of the softball players in the U.S. played fast-pitch, now, more than 70% play slow-pitch because

continued



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